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MR. GLADSTONE AT WHITBY.

MR. GLADSTONE'S speech at Whitby is interesting, instructive, and in a high degree characteristic. It is universally known that Mr. GLADSTONE is a good man, and it is satisfactory to be assured on his own authority that he superadds to his more conspicuous qualities hidden virtues which might not have been discerned even by provincial newspaper writers. The Apology which he published two or three years ago proved that, from the days of the Maynooth controversy downwards, he had supported or destroyed the Irish Church on the most delicately conscientious grounds. In later times it might have seemed to superficial observers, and to readers of the *Daily Telegraph* and the country papers, that Mr. GLADSTONE had never neglected a public duty or made a mistake; but as wisdom consisted, according to SOCRATES, in conscious inability to attain it, that goodness alone is perfect which knows its own imperfection. "There is not a day of his life on which he has not occasion to regret at night that its duties have not been more effectively performed." On the very evening after the issue of the Royal Warrant for the abolition of Purchase, Mr. GLADSTONE perhaps mournfully acknowledged to himself that he might have inserted in the recital a censure on a contumacious House of Lords. He so far partakes of human frailty that, like many other penitents, he excepts from his general confession all the errors which may have been imputed to him by his unscrupulous critics and opponents. A voluntary self-accusation is a very different process from an admission of the truth of charges preferred by others. "Me a miserable sinner?" says the farmer's wife in one of GEORGE ELIOT's stories; "nobody ever saw one of my cheeses rise"; and nobody ever saw Mr. GLADSTONE mismanage the House of Commons or gratuitously provoke opposition. He is deeply and profoundly grateful to the Press for pointing out his errors; only it always points out the errors which he has not committed; yet he could tolerate injustice if it merely affected himself and his colleagues, but, shocking to relate, "that criticism does not stop with the Government, for, if it did, it would matter little; but it passes through the Government to that majority in Parliament by which the Government had been steadily supported, and through that majority in Parliament to that majority of the people of the three kingdoms by whom they had been sent to Parliament." That the mass of the population should be constructively libelled is intolerable; and it obviously follows that no Minister with a majority ought to be subject to criticism. It is enough that his own innate modesty reminds him once in twenty-four hours that he has done that which he ought to have done somewhat less completely than became a faultless being.

The conduct of writers and speakers who censure Mr. GLADSTONE is not only culpable, but corrupt. Seeking to account for "the severity with which the proceedings of Parliament during the last Session have been discussed by a portion of the metropolitan press," and properly rejecting the hypothesis that Parliament, or the Ministry, or himself, may perhaps have been in fault, Mr. GLADSTONE discovers that "in London wealth is all-powerful; and wealth has taken desperate offence at the acts of the Government during the present year, because it recommended to Parliament that power in the English army shall no longer be the prize of wealth, but the reward of merit." It is well known that officers in marching regiments are for the most part millionaires, and that, directly or indirectly, subalterns control the metropolitan press; but the theory that comments on Mr. GLADSTONE's words and acts are to be attributed to plutocratic jealousy is liable to some difficulties. It happens that the majority of the journals which have complained of Mr.

GLADSTONE's recent management of public affairs have consistently supported the proposal for abolishing purchase in the army. The same writers who pointed out the unconstitutional character of the Royal Warrant expressed not less strongly their disapproval of the previous vote of the House of Lords; yet of two incredible alternatives one must be adopted. It is improbable that the supporters of the Bill for the abolition of purchase should have resented the supposed interference of the measure with the privileges of wealth; but, on the other hand, it is impossible that any censure directed against Mr. GLADSTONE can have been suggested by an honest motive. Mr. GLADSTONE himself expresses the gratitude with which he receives any exposure of his mistakes; and with an excess of candour he confesses that he is fallible. It is not to be supposed that he would coarsely accuse his adversaries of vulgar selfishness if it were possible to devise a more plausible explanation of their malicious perversity. Lord DERBY judiciously warned the House of Lords against relying on arguments which could not be made acceptable or intelligible to a popular constituency. Peers and officers, and the educated classes in general, knew perfectly well that the question of purchase was complicated, and that the practice might be defended by many plausible arguments; but to the multitude it would appear that, with the abolition of purchase, "the day of money would come to an end, and the day of merit would begin." The proposition expresses the belief of the ignorant, but the words are the words of Mr. GLADSTONE.

For the wounds inflicted by the profligate press of London there is balm in Gilead, and on this occasion Gilead typifies the country towns and their newspapers. It is not altogether obvious why wealth, which is all-powerful in London, should exercise no influence at Leeds or Manchester, nor indeed at the *Telegraph* office; but the test of entire exemption from sordid motives is unqualified admiration for all that Mr. GLADSTONE may say or do. "If a man is a reader of the metropolitan papers, and if he is also a reader of the provincial papers, no man could fail to perceive a considerable difference between them." That, in case of difference, the provincial papers must be in the right, though not a self-evident assumption, is of course sufficiently proved by their more constant devotion to the person of Mr. GLADSTONE, and to all his successive principles. Similar instances of appeals preferred by unsuccessful litigants from the Queen's Bench to the County Court are not unusual in the lower walks of literature. BAVIUS and MEVIUS, when their works are neglected or ridiculed by the highest critical authorities, refer with proud complacency to the paragraph of the *Eatonswill Gazette* which applauds their brilliant imagination, their profound philosophy, and their comprehensive learning. It is true that the chief provincial papers are conducted with much ability, and that they exercise much local influence; but a captious opponent of the Government might explain their fidelity to Mr. GLADSTONE by other reasons than their comparative indifference to the interests of the rich. It has long been notorious that distance lends enchantment to the view of Mr. GLADSTONE's political character. The defects of tact and temper which have been observed or invented by his less friendly critics are imperceptible to the great body of electors, who are totally indifferent to bursts of passion, to gratuitous sophisms, and to general incapacity of understanding human nature. The multitude likes impulsive sympathy, one-sided earnestness, indifference to consequences, and in general all the qualities which may belong in common to a Minister and to a mob. Members of Parliament, whether friends or enemies of the Government, and those who move in political society, suspect statesmen who govern the country without having learned to govern themselves or those around them. A certain intel-

lectual and moral fastidiousness may perhaps have as much to do with the judgments which Mr. GLADSTONE denounces as an exclusive devotion to wealth. When Mr. GLADSTONE in the early part of the Session spent ten minutes in proving that Count BISMARCK had used the words which he quoted from Mr. ODO RUSSELL, provincial journalists may perhaps not have felt the jar which was inflicted on sensitive hearers or readers of the speech. In Mr. GLADSTONE's opinion, the comments which were elicited are to be explained by a bias peculiar to London, because "it is there that wealth is all-powerful." It was probably in a fervour of enthusiasm for money that Mr. HENRY JAMES remarked on Mr. GLADSTONE's approaching conversion to the cause of female suffrage, and that Mr. FAWCETT and Mr. HARCOURT discussed his mysterious speech on Irish University education.

It is perfectly natural that Mr. GLADSTONE should speak with indignation of the *Battle of Dorking*, on the ground that such publications make England ridiculous in the eyes of the world, and that they tend to the expenditure of the public money. It is not improbable that the unknown author intended to effect both objects as essential to national security. He would perhaps not be entirely satisfied by Mr. GLADSTONE's pious exhortation:—"Let this old England, let this United Kingdom place her trust in Providence." The provincial papers had just before been praised, and the *Daily Telegraph* ought in common gratitude to have shared the compliment, for placing their trust not in Providence, but in Mr. GLADSTONE. The religious argument, or the appeal to HERCULES to lift the cart out of the rut, has the advantage or disadvantage of being equally applicable to every act or omission. Instead of abolishing purchase, Lord ELCHO or Colonel ANSON might have exclaimed, "Keep up over-regulation prices, and put your trust in Providence." Providence might also have been trusted to render the Ballot Bill unnecessary; and yet, in words which, if they had not been used by an eminent statesman and scholar, might have been described as contemptible claptrap, "the people's House has passed 'the people's Bill.'" Two years ago Mr. GLADSTONE cared as little for the people's Bill as for the abolition of purchase, or, as he calls it, the substitution of merit for money; but he has been uniformly consistent in his policy of relying exclusively on Providence for naval and military efficiency. When he moved the estimate for sending out 10,000 men to Malta at the beginning of the Russian war, he exhibited in the most conspicuous form his exclusive trust in Providence. A more terrestrial adaptation of means to ends would perhaps have saved the country a hundred millions. Mr. GLADSTONE has probably taken an accurate measure of the intellect of Whitty; and he has made doubly sure his assurance of the fidelity of the provincial papers.

THE REPUBLIC AND THE FRENCH CONSERVATIVES.

THE anniversary of the 4th of September seems to have excited but little enthusiasm in France. Perhaps the wiser Republicans had the sense to feel that the overthrow of the Empire was brought about in a fashion which cannot well be scored to the credit of any political party. NAPOLEON III. fell through his own blunders. If he had been able to keep out of the war with Germany, he might, to all appearance, have died upon the throne. His troops were worth little at Sedan, but they could have put down a Republican insurrection against the Empire as easily as they put down the Communist insurrection against the Republic. The Revolution of the 4th of September may claim whatever glory attaches to the act of sitting down in an empty chair. There unfortunately its triumph ends. It cannot be contended that the Republic has filled the throne to which it succeeded with any conspicuous distinction. It proved unequal to the conduct of the foreign war which it found on its hands; it has since provoked a civil war by its mismanagement; and it now only maintains itself in being by the help of a late and doubtful convert to the Republican theory. If its adherents had proposed to keep last Monday in memory of the Empire's disappearance from the field of history, they would have had some reason for their wish. Almost any system must be better than the system which for twenty years went on storing up defeat and discredit for the country in which it was established. But it is too soon to boast of the substitute which has taken the Empire's place. At all events, it will be well to defer doing so until it has been distinctly ascertained what the nature of that substitute is.

The decision to which the National Assembly came on the 31st of August has not made this latter point much clearer. A President who is himself responsible to the Legislature,

while at the same time he has to act through Ministers whose responsibility is the same as his own, is a novelty in constitutional arrangements. What distinction is there between these rival responsibilities? Supposing that M. THIERS's responsible Ministers find their proposals rejected by the Assembly, and thereupon resign office, what will be the position of the responsible President who has sanctioned the defeated measures? Will he be bound to accept the Ministers forced upon him by a hostile majority, and in due time to sanction other measures, the exact opposite, perhaps, of those he formerly approved? If he does not do this, what is the use of declaring the Ministers responsible to the Assembly? If he does do this, in what sense can M. THIERS be said to be responsible to the Assembly? How can a man be responsible for measures in the preparation of which he has had no share, and with the purpose of which he has no sympathy? Both parties in the Chamber seem to have over-reached themselves in the construction of this singular arrangement. The Republicans are enraged because the Assembly has assumed to itself constituent powers, but they forget that the conversion of the Chief of the Executive Power—a title which at once revealed the provisional character of the post to which it is applied—into an avowed President of the Republic was not an assumption merely, but an exercise, of constituent powers. M. GAMBETTA may refuse to accept a Republic from the hands of an Assembly which does not represent the country; but his friends were the first instigators of a manœuvre which aimed at giving the Republic a little additional stability through the agency of the very Assembly whose title to legislate for France it is now convenient to deny. Still the Republicans have gained something by their inconsistency; the Monarchists, on the contrary, have been inconsistent to no purpose. In order to get the Assembly declared constituent, they have been willing to allow their first essay in constitution-making to be the recognition of the very form of government which it is their principal object to overthrow. It is a large price to pay for so small an advantage. There is no probability that the Assembly when it meets after the holidays will be any better prepared than it is now to decide the issue between Monarchy and Republicanism. The indemnity will not have been paid off, the German occupation will not have come to an end, the reasons against quarrelling with M. THIERS will have lost none of their force, and the difficulty of effecting a Restoration without quarrelling with him will be only increased by the fact that his position has been invested with additional dignity. If the decision is postponed to some more distant day, the argument against proceeding to frame a Constitution without appealing to the electors for fresh credentials will become irresistible. To insist on giving to an Assembly, chosen for a different purpose in 1871, the right of determining in 1872 or 1873 what shall be the Government of France for the future, would be to reduce representation to a farce, and to supply the overt resistance which the Republican party would almost certainly offer to the action of the Parliamentary majority with an excuse of the first order. It must be supposed, therefore, that the Conservatives have no intention of using the powers they have taken to themselves, and that no attempt will be made to construct a definitive Constitution until after a general election. In that case the effect of their late move can hardly fail to be disastrous for its authors. To the peasantry the appointment of M. THIERS as President of the Republic will be tantamount to a new Constitution. Hitherto the title by which he has been known proclaimed the provisional and temporary character of the office he held, and by consequence of the Government of which he was the head. No one could suppose that France would go on for ever being governed by a Chief of the Executive Power. It was obvious that the Legislature which had devised such a title had only intended to throw a bridge over a political chasm without pledging the country as to what action it might be expedient to take on arriving on the other side. Now the Government, from being avowedly provisional, has become avowedly Republican. The Republican candidates, therefore, will come forward at a general election as supporters of the existing order of things, an order which the Monarchical candidates will be represented as pledged to overturn. The immense influence belonging in the rural districts of France to the friends of the powers that be will in this way be exercised by those who bear the same name as the Government, instead of by those who may be supposed to hold its principles.

The conduct of the French Conservatives is the more inexcusable because it argues wilful or reckless blindness to the obvious teaching of recent events. It might have been

thought that no serious politician would be in any hurry to declare a French Assembly constituent. The importance which the members of the Right attach to this especial epithet must be taken as indicating the strength of their desire to exercise the power implied in it. If they do not at once set about making a Constitution, it is not from any want of will. The spirit of SIEYES is not extinct among them. Their belief in the inviolability of paper is as unquestioning as ever. Yet if anything is to be learnt from the review of the thirteen Constitutions with which France has been blessed during the last eighty years, it is that the secret of lasting workmanship has not yet been found out, and that the most likely method of discovering it is to watch the institutions which seem to grow up most naturally in the soil. France has had abundance of Constitutions imposed upon her from above; it might be worth while just for once to wait and see what kind of a Constitution will be devised by the French people for themselves. The experiment with how little political machinery it is possible to carry on a Government would be interesting, as showing what may safely be dispensed with, and for what it is worth while to fight stoutly. If the question were approached in this spirit it may be doubted whether the value of Monarchical Government as a Conservative safeguard would not prove to have been considerably exaggerated. Where a throne stands by its own weight, it can impart a portion of its strength to the institutions which claim kindred with it. But where a throne is only kept from falling by the constant efforts of its friends, it has no spare strength to communicate. On the contrary, much of the energy that would otherwise go to the support of other institutions is diverted from them by the paramount necessity of defending the weakest and most threatened of all. We shall not presume to say whether Monarchy in France is, or is not, in this latter condition. It is possible that its roots may still lie deep beneath the soil, and that there may be sufficient vitality left in them to sustain the strong trunk and spreading branches of a new Restoration. Even if this should turn out to be the case, it would not affect the truth of what has been said. Such a Monarchy can afford to wait for its development. Its ultimate success will be due to the fact that it satisfies, as no other form of government can do, the convictions and affections of the French nation. If it does not do this, it will only be an encumbrance to the Conservative force of the country—a mere helpless idol to be sustained on its tottering elevation by an expenditure of energy for which a better use might be found in other directions.

THE PHOENIX PARK RIOT.

THE Irish Government, acting probably under superior orders, has effectually refuted the charge of enforcing the law with a vigour beyond the modern English standard. Since the police broke up the first meeting in the Phoenix Park, the LORD-LIEUTENANT, or more probably the HOME SECRETARY, has been eager to convince the rabble that sedition is henceforth to be perpetrated with perfect impunity. The promise of the Government that no further interference with public meetings should be attempted has been fully kept. The insolent assemblages in honour of the ill-bred French deputation were not disturbed by the presence of the police, and consequently the orderly population of Dublin was prevented from appearing in the streets, or from attending the churches on Sunday. On every possible occasion the leaders of the mob approached as nearly as possible to the verge of treason, while the French visitors assured them of the sympathy of their countrymen, or of the Legitimist faction to which they belonged. In the North of Ireland party flags and processions are habitually treated as illegal, to the satisfaction of peaceable subjects; but it is known that the Orangemen, with all their faults, are tainted with loyalty to the Crown, and consequently they cannot expect the impunity which is allowed to the Fenians and other would-be rebels of Dublin. On Sunday last the mob, fearing perhaps that the patience of the authorities might at last be exhausted, paraded their force without flags or music; but the speeches supplied any deficiency of excitement by the open vindication of rebellion and murder. As the police were, in pursuance of the new practice, withdrawn from the neighbourhood of the meeting, the rabble proceeded to illustrate the justice of their own former complaints by wantonly attacking the policemen whom they met on their return. The Irish malcontents have now fairly recovered the superiority which might some weeks ago have been claimed by their rivals in London. The submission of Mr. WALPOLE to the BEALES of 1866, and of Mr. BRUCE to the BRADLAUGH

and ODGER of 1871, has been thrown into the shade by the triumph of Mr. SMYTH, Mr. MARTIN, and their congenial associates. Even after the fall of the Hyde Park railings, or after Mr. BRUCE's revocation of his notice to the Trafalgar Square agitators, the London police were not deliberately assailed.

Demagogues, and more especially Irish demagogues, have always claimed an exemption from the ordinary restraints of reason and propriety; but Mr. SMYTH may almost be thought to presume on the license which has been habitually conceded to his predecessors. At the beginning of his speech on Sunday last he seemed to affect a certain regard for law and decency. He would not, he said, have been there if the object of the meeting had been to defy the constituted authorities, to provoke further collisions with the police, or to annoy any class of the community. In illustration of his professions, he then vindicated, in the midst of tumultuous applause, the cause of the Manchester murderers and their accomplices. "The Manchester men went forth in the open day in the public road to give honourable battle for the rescue of their chief." In the streets of a peaceable English town, without flag, or uniform, or declaration of war, a number of ruffians, secretly organized, made a sudden attack on the police, who in the simple discharge of their duty were conducting a prisoner to the place of his destination. There was no notice of assault, and no opportunity of preparation for defence; and it is unnecessary to add that the assailants had no commission from any body of persons claiming to be a Government; yet a member of Parliament publicly assures a riotous mob that the Manchester outrage was an act of honourable warfare, and that the murdered officer fell, "not by the assassin's bullet, but as a soldier in defence of his flag." There is a difficulty in dealing with impudent negations of the plainest rules of morality. If an unprincipled declaimer in search of notoriety, or under the influence of more criminal motives, thinks fit to traverse the Decalogue, it is impossible to enter on a controversy where the disputants have no doctrines in common. If peace is, according to Mr. MARTIN's theory, identical with war, it follows that murder and the discharge by a soldier of his duty in the field are equally culpable or equally justifiable. An inhabitant of Manchester, even if he happens to be a policeman, may reasonably suppose that he is not engaged from day to day on active service against a regular enemy; but Mr. SMYTH can inform him that any crime committed for a purpose alleged to be political is in the nature of recognised warfare. It is obvious that in the same manner it would be lawful and laudable to break open a gunmaker's shop for the purpose of arming imaginary insurgents, or to rob a bank as a mode of filling a military chest. The residents in Clerkenwell were taught some years ago, by arguments more forcible than Mr. SMYTH's, that their lives and property might be justly forfeited as the price of the rescue of an Irish rebel. After justifying the Manchester murder, Mr. SMYTH, Mr. BUTT, and their confederates naturally felt little hesitation in asserting that soldiers who betrayed their flag were entitled to pardon and sympathy. If the prisoners in whose name the Amnesty Society holds seditious meetings had committed all the crimes which could be suggested by a morbid imagination, patriotic orators would not be wanting to prove that the victims of the English Government must be heroes and martyrs. It is in fact impossible to go beyond Mr. SMYTH's paradoxical theory of chronic war between England and all individual Irishmen who may think fit to commit any act of violence. The converse proposition that the authorities are at all times entitled to administer military law, however demonstrable on Mr. SMYTH's principles, would probably not be accepted by the Dublin agitators. Verbal repudiation of moral principles is often a result of vanity rather than a deliberate repudiation of the difference between right and wrong. It is unnecessary to inquire whether Mr. SMYTH believed in his own theories, or merely indulged himself in the delivery of mischievous nonsense. The audience immediately afterwards drew the most logical and practical conclusion from the teaching of their leaders and guides.

It was perfectly clear that if a few Irishmen had a right to kill a policeman in the streets of Manchester, the rabble of Dublin, with their feet on their native pavement, were indisputably entitled to imitate the exploit after their meeting in the Phoenix Park. Accordingly, the mob which Mr. SMYTH would have declined to assemble if he had thought that the law would be violated, or that order would be disturbed, proceeded to apply his doctrine in practice, by immediately making open and honourable war on the police whom they met on their way homeward. In the words of Mr. SMYTH, they went forth on the public road in open day to give honourable battle; and the result of the engagement was that

more than fifty policemen were severely injured, and that some will probably die of their wounds. When the former conflict was discussed in the House of Commons, one Irish member after another rose to denounce the conduct of the police in attacking a body of unoffending citizens, who had only maltreated a single inspector. The Government, after its usual fashion, adopted an apologetic tone; and the promoters of disloyalty were assured that, for the present at least, they should enjoy full license to preach sedition in the Royal Park at Dublin. The rabble, not hampered by any similar pledge, display their peaceable disposition by attacking the police, who had been carefully withdrawn from the place of meeting. It may be hoped that the LORD-LIEUTENANT and the Chief Secretary, who have indeed probably been overruled by their colleagues and superiors, will not find it necessary to apologize for the conduct of the police in venturing to resist a wanton attack. In time, perhaps, even Mr. GLADSTONE'S Cabinet may learn that it is a part of the duty of a Government to preserve order, to vindicate the law, and to protect the peaceable majority of the population. In London they have invited disturbances which have hitherto not occurred; but BEALES and ODGERS are more dangerous in Dublin. The meetings to which impunity has been promised are not intended to promote the release of half-a-dozen obscure felons, but to accustom the disaffected rabble to defy the law, and to test the almost inexhaustible patience of the Government. Even on a Dublin Sunday it seems to have been impossible to attract to the place of assemblage more than four thousand ragamuffins. To the rest of the population the meeting must have been a nuisance; and it was undoubtedly regarded by all respectable persons with alarm and indignation. If the Government is incapable of sympathizing with the loyal part of the community, a humane regard for the safety of the rebellious section might furnish a sufficient reason for the repression of outrage. The ruffians who listened to Mr. SMYTH, and who afterwards exemplified his doctrines at the expense of the police, will inevitably be tempted by impunity into further excesses; and probably the Nationalist agitation will sooner or later ripen into a Fenian insurrection. It will at last become necessary to use rifles against offenders who might have been prevented from committing actual crime by prudent precautions. Irish rebellions have for the most part been easily put down when they have assumed a tangible shape, and it would be more humane to render an outbreak impossible than to deal with it when it had approximated to the stage at which it might be described as open warfare. It is to be feared that the ringleaders will escape the punishment which they deserve.

VERSAILLES AND PARIS.

M. THIERS has sent a grateful Message to the National Assembly, has re-appointed his Cabinet, and has taken his usual seat on the Government bench, as though he were still nothing more than President of the Council of Ministers. His reappearance in the Chamber has probably given more surprise than pleasure. Among the motives which led the Right to consent to call the actual Government of France a Republic, not the least powerful perhaps was the thought that, by making M. THIERS President, they would be rid of him in the tribune. It would have been hard to devise any other title for him than President, and it was scarcely possible to declare him President of a Monarchy; but the dislike which the majority felt to his fiery speeches and his continual threats of resignation induced them to look over these drawbacks. It will be a terrible disappointment if the sacrifice goes for nothing, and the PRESIDENT of the Republic proves to be only an old master with a new name. The pleasant time which the majority promised themselves will still be far off, if they have to deal, as before, with the one man they are afraid of, instead of with a feeble array of Ministers who have lost their leader.

If the Third Court Martial had been charged with the trial of all the Communist prisoners, M. THIERS would have entered upon his new office with the credit of something not far short of an amnesty. Of the two capital sentences pronounced on the leaders, only one has any chance of being carried out, and there are some doubts whether even FERRE'S punishment will not be commuted, on the ground that the crimes of which he has been found guilty are political in their character, and consequently exempted by French law from the penalty of death. If this view is taken by the Court of Appeal, it will be a conspicuous and unexpected instance of the independence of French Judges. The Government has all along insisted

that the acts of the Communists differ in no way from ordinary crimes, except in their unusual enormity. Whether the English Courts would hold complicity in the murder of the hostages to be excluded from the Extradition Act is a point not likely to be tested; but it will be creditable to the Court of Cassation if it rises above the passions of the hour, and shows itself capable of deciding a similar question upon the purely legal considerations which would influence our own tribunals. LULLIER has been condemned to death upon a military technicality. It will be strange if, after so many revolutions have owed their success to the sudden adhesion of the army to the side of the insurgents, it should now be held in France that to exhort a regiment to make common cause with the populace constitutes a capital offence. As no doubt seems to be entertained that the sentence will be commuted, the question is chiefly interesting to those who make a study of the inconsistencies of national character. M. THIERS'S reputation will be more affected by the course he takes with regard to the women condemned to death by the Fourth Court Martial. Judging from the account given by the *Times*' Correspondent, no evidence was adduced which convicted them of anything more than complicity in the resistance offered at the barricades. The crime from which they take their name was probably never committed. It is more like one of those wild stories which are always in circulation during seasons of panic than a charge admitting of being reduced to precise shape, and proved by sufficient evidence. But whether or not petroleum was actually dropped down gratings and thrown through cellar-windows, there was nothing alleged to show that the accused had had any part in this distribution of it. It seems impossible that the sentences can be maintained on legal grounds; and it would be still more impossible that they should be carried out by the Government, even if they are maintained, were it not that the respectable population of Paris will be grievously irritated by a reprieve which would be an indirect censure of their imaginative excesses. Whether M. THIERS will think it worth while to offend this section of the public for the sake of doing justice to a *pétroleuse* remains to be seen.

In all probability the Assembly in which M. THIERS has the name of being all-powerful is on the eve of inflicting a greater injury on the Parisians than would be involved in letting the women of the Commune escape with their lives. The adoption of M. RAVINEL'S proposal to transfer the public offices to Versailles will be an announcement that the Assembly has made up its mind not to return to Paris. The arguments used on behalf of this conclusion are not of much weight. It is true that elements of disorder exist in Paris, and that if the Government is placed elsewhere there will be less chance of its being suddenly deposed by a popular rising. If the Assembly had been sitting in Paris last March, it is just possible that the provinces would for a time have accepted the rule of the Commune. But though the absence of the Assembly may have given a happy turn to this particular revolution, it by no means follows that the benefits arising from this circumstance are only to be reaped by making the absence permanent. The defeat of the Communist insurrection has made it clear that Paris is not France in the sense in which it was formerly supposed to be. It has shown that the judgment given by Paris may be reversed on appeal to the provinces, and that the provinces, when appealed to, may be strong enough to enforce their decision even upon Paris itself. The force of this discovery will remain wherever the Assembly may happen to sit. A Government is much less likely to be overturned by a *coup de main* when it knows that it has a reserve of strength behind it, than when it accepts the opinion of its assailants as the final verdict of the nation. The new organization of the army will be an additional safeguard against a sudden overthrow. There will be no National Guard to give the insurgents an air at once of civil authority and military strength, and a garrison recruited by universal compulsory service from the whole country will represent with fair fidelity the opinions and wishes of the majority of the French people.

These considerations pretty well dispose of the reasons alleged in support of the Bill. The main argument against it lies in the fact that the removal from Paris would be a confession that the Assembly is afraid to sit there. If Paris could be entirely got rid of, or broken up like a stolen diamond into fragments small enough to defy recognition, this would matter little. But, unfortunately for the success of M. RAVINEL'S measure, Paris will remain, and remain the historical, commercial, and popular capital of France. The Assembly will still have to govern this terrible city; all it will have done by going away from it will be to make its dangerous subject more than ever

hostile to its rule. The apathy with which the *bourgeoisie* of Paris viewed the proceedings of the Commune, and the failure of the hopes which the Government placed in the Party of Order, were in a great measure owing to the indignation which the distrust of Paris evinced by the Assembly excited in the great body of the citizens; and the continuance of this feeling will be a formidable element in any future revolution of which Paris may be the scene. At present there is no probability of a military raid upon the Assembly, but there is pertinence in the warning uttered by one of the speakers against the Bill, that an ambitious general might find it easier to gain possession of the Government at Versailles than at Paris. In that case the support of Paris might be secured by the simple process of offering to make it once more the Parliamentary centre of France, and the Assembly would thus have prepared its own fall by the very means to which it looked to ensure its stability. As was well said by M. LOUIS BLANC, it is unwise to put it in the power of conspirators to say to Paris, "The Assembly wished to make you a provincial town; we restore you to the rank of capital." The existence for the first time of a Municipal Council in Paris ought to act as a further dissuasive from the course recommended by M. RAVINEL. At present the sullen apathy which seems to have taken possession of the Communist element in Paris deprives the proceedings of this body of any but local interest. But as the events of last spring come to be forgotten, and the Communist party begin to form new hopes and new schemes, the debates of this Council will probably grow in importance, and continually tend to assume more of a political character. It cannot be expedient in the interests of order and national unity that there should be two Parliaments in France, one sitting at home in Paris, and the other in exile at Versailles.

LORD DERBY ON THE LAND QUESTION.

LORD DERBY has set a good example in drawing attention to the so-called Land question in its practical, common-sense aspects. It is not desirable that such subjects should be left exclusively to speculative philosophers and Utopian fanatics. If there is anything wrong about what are called the Land laws, by all means let it be set right; but first let us understand exactly what it is that is wrong, and in what manner it is to be amended, and consider, like rational men, whether, even if matters are not exactly as they should be in an ideal world, more harm than good may not be done by rash innovations and violent remedies. If the present system is sound and just, the more thoroughly it is examined in all its bearings the more clearly will its soundness and justice become apparent. A question like that of the Land laws is not to be settled by a debate upon first principles. Nothing can be easier than to lay down a few broad abstract propositions, and then to jump at once to the conclusion that they justify a number of grave changes in practice. No doubt in all such matters it is best to begin at the beginning; only it is necessary to remember that it is the beginning, and only the first and easiest step in a long and intricate process. Revolutionary gentlemen like the members of the Land Tenure Reform Association prefer to argue the major, which nobody disputes, and to take for granted the minor, which is the real point at issue. It was by following this course that the Government and a majority of the House of Commons have placed themselves in an absurdly false position in regard to the Ballot. Nothing can be more indisputable than the general principle that every voter should be protected against coercion and intimidation in giving his vote. But this carries us a very small way towards the Ballot. The practical question is, in the first place, whether in point of fact intimidation is really exercised to such an extent as to make it worth while to revolutionize our electoral machinery in order to check it, and in the next place, whether a change can be made without introducing greater evils than that which it is desired to cure. In the same way it is very easy to obtain assent to a series of imposing abstract propositions on the Land question; but difficulties begin as soon as an attempt is made to apply the propositions to the actual state of the case. Of course; there ought to be free trade in land; and a handful of landowners ought not to be protected in a monopoly of the soil by artificial restrictions; and it would be very nice if everybody had his own little bit of ground; and waste lands should be made to blossom like the rose, and so on *ad infinitum*, or perhaps we should say, *ad nauseam*. This is a very simple and easy way of carrying on a controversy. We are not concerned to contradict these affirmations and aspirations; but what then? Oh,

then, exclaim the reformers, it follows that laws should be passed for the compulsory sale of estates, for setting up peasant proprietors, and for immediately reclaiming all waste lands at the expense of the State and with the well-paid assistance of all working-men who choose to assert that they cannot obtain any other employment.

LORD DERBY has brought back the question to the region of common sense and hard facts. There could hardly be a more significant illustration of the manner in which the agitators have hitherto been conducting the discussion than Mr. MILL's absurd assumption, as the basis of a serious revolutionary proposal, that the whole number of landed proprietors in the country does not exceed 30,000. This is the number only of those who returned themselves at the last census as landowners, the majority of that class being enumerated under other designations. The fact that half of the 30,000 landowners were women should have given warning of the obvious fallacy to which Mr. MILL committed himself. His historical researches are equally misleading, though the question whether the feudal proprietors overreached their vassals and dependents some centuries ago is not perhaps of practical importance at the present moment. Even Mr. MILL would scarcely be prepared to institute a search for the legal representatives of the usurping lords and defrauded tenants. A more serious fallacy or mis-statement, which has been repeated so often that many persons have at last come to believe it, is that land is locked up by antiquated and ingenious laws, and that it is exceedingly difficult for people who want to buy an estate to find one for sale. It seems to be supposed that Lord DERBY is not indisposed to add to his landed property, and estates which are for sale are frequently pressed upon his notice. He asserts, from his own knowledge, that there is at this moment hardly a county in England where a man looking for a landed investment cannot find what he wants; indeed, the sellers outnumber the buyers. It has been justly remarked that a glance at the advertising columns of the *Times* should be sufficient to correct the groundless assumption that land is not freely offered in the market. There is not the slightest difficulty in buying land, but it is conceivable that some persons may be unable to obtain just the piece of ground upon which they have set their heart, at exactly the price they are prepared to pay for it. In these days of frequent holiday excursions, a great many people are constantly discovering pleasant properties which they would be happy to own, or of which perhaps they would even be content with a cheap slice. It is very hard that they cannot be gratified in such innocent desires, but similar hardships occur in regard to other kinds of property as well as land. According to the recent Census, London now covers an area of 687 square miles. It has expanded greatly in recent years, and is continually spreading in all directions. We should imagine that this square of territory, embracing as it does portions of several counties, may be taken as a fair representation of the land tenures of the country. Anybody who chooses can see for himself that these tenures do not in the least interfere with the expansion of the metropolis, or with the appropriation of land to the varied and manifold purposes of a great commercial and manufacturing population. Estates of all sizes are frequently broken up for building speculations, and a similar process of disintegration is observable in the neighbourhood of all prosperous and growing towns. Throughout the country it is the experience of the Building Societies that it is much easier to acquire landed property than to dispose of it. Several of them have been ruined by land speculations, and others have now large estates on their hands, cut up into convenient portions, which they would be delighted to sell if they could only find customers. The truth is, that land in this country is dear, because the possession of it is regarded as a social distinction; and, on the other hand, there is a comparatively small demand for it, because only rich men can afford to invest in property which yields little more than two, or at the most three, per cent. There is plenty of land to be had for those who are willing to pay a price for it, and to be satisfied with a small return.

LORD DERBY asserts with truth that we do not at present get as much out of the soil of the country as we ought to do, if all our appliances were brought to bear on its cultivation; but he is naturally not disposed to trust to the sentimental expedient of peasant proprietors as a means of developing our agricultural resources. It is curious that the same people who are clamouring for free trade in land—which, in point of fact, exists already—in the same breath demand the violent interposition of the State in order to counteract the natural course of things, and to provide an artificial existence for peasants who are each to possess and till his own

petty piece of ground. Mr. MILL's argument in favour of this class, which he republished last year, is mainly based on the testimony of M. DE SISMONDI, whose rosy pictures of peasant life are of a highly imaginative character, and of other picturesque and romantic writers; and he altogether ignores the change which has taken place in the operations of husbandry since the introduction of steam machinery. Assuming that the duty of the farmer is to make the most of the land, in the interest not only of himself but of the nation, Lord DERBY certainly did not overstate the case when he said that the peasant cultivator has no more chance of holding his own against a combination of capital and science than bows and arrows have of superseding breech-loading rifles, or handloom weaving of driving the power-loom into disuse. One has only to calculate the cost of steam ploughs, steam threshing-machines, and of the various restoratives and stimulants which it is now usual to apply to the soil, to see that it is absolutely impossible for a peasant proprietor to procure such expensive aids in cultivating his piece of ground, and that without them, he could not possibly compete with the large farmers who possess these advantages. It has been suggested that co-operation might solve the difficulty; but co-operation implies an authoritative manager, to whom the relation of the peasant proprietors would quickly become that of ordinary labourers to the farmer who employs them. Everybody can appreciate the beauty of WORDSWORTH's picture of the shepherds and farmers of the Lake country, most of them proprietors of the lands which they occupied and cultivated, and which for several centuries had been similarly possessed by men of their name and blood—a simple, independent, self-sufficing community, each family raising just enough corn for its own bread, and spinning from its own flock the wool with which it was clothed. All this is very pretty and idyllic. There was much in the life of the old order of dalesmen which one would not be sorry to see preserved, had it been possible; but one might as well attempt to bring back the feudal lords or re-people the abbeys. The "statesmen" had their day, and it is over. Those who now desire to see peasant proprietors in possession of the land would have to create, not only the circumstances under which such a thing is possible, but the men; and as soon as the system was established, it would immediately begin to fall to pieces, under the irresistible pressure of social and material conditions. It is one thing to make a peasant a proprietor, and it is quite another thing to keep the proprietor a peasant, in the sense in which Mr. MILL and his enthusiastic friends understand the word. Perhaps Mr. MILL and Mr. RUSKIN might, between them, set up a peasant proprietor, and observe what came of the experiment.

CHURCH AND STATE IN GERMANY.

THE position of the minority in the Roman Catholic Church which rejects the infallibility of the POPE, as decreed by the Vatican Council, has every claim to sympathy and respect. They are opposing a fiction disproved by the whole course of ecclesiastical history, and they are opposing it under circumstances of peculiar difficulty. The authors of popular reformations usually rest their case on practical or doctrinal abuses which admit of being made intelligible to the multitude. They appeal to the letter of Scripture or to the teachings of common sense. But the "Old Catholics" enjoy no such advantage. The argument against Papal infallibility does not admit of being compressed within the four corners of a popular manifesto. It presupposes in the listener some knowledge of historical facts and some appreciation of scientific methods. The objections it puts forward are such as seem to many a mere straining at gnats. Why, it is asked, should a man who has digested the infallibility of the Church have any hesitation in swallowing the infallibility of the Church's chief ruler? A movement in which the strength must be derived from the laity, while the considerations appealed to are such as ordinarily affect the clergy, has especial obstacles to contend with. But neither respect for the cause which the "Old Catholics" have at heart, nor a natural unwillingness to increase the embarrassments of a position already more than commonly complicated, ought to impose silence on those who see them in danger of adopting a policy either wrong in itself or likely to be mischievous in its results. And, so far as can be discerned from the imperfect indications which find their way to England, there is some risk of the Liberal Catholics in Germany being influenced in this direction. They are fighting against powerful adversaries, and this consciousness naturally disposes

them to snatch at any weapon that presents itself, and to welcome any allies who profess themselves willing to fight on their side. A vast and organized hierarchy is arrayed against a few scattered priests and laymen, and upon the ability of the latter to make head against their own episcopate depends to all appearance the cause of truth and freedom in the Latin Church. Is it reasonable to expect men in this situation to weigh and measure the character of such support as is offered them, or to forecast the distant consequences of steps which may bring present triumph? It might not be reasonable if history were not full of instances in which victory bought by such sacrifices has proved more fatal than a succession of defeats. Truths cannot be bartered one against another in the hope that there will be a gain on the balance. The conscious abandonment of one principle finds no justification in the plea that another of greater importance has thereby been secured. There is some fear lest these commonplaces of controversial morality should be forgotten, as they so often have been before, by the very men who have done most to obtain recognition for them.

This at least is the obvious inference from the satisfaction which seems to be felt in some quarters at the recent action of the Prussian Government in the matter of the Ministry of Education. It is not wonderful that men who are fighting against a wrong-headed POPE and a subservient Episcopate should feel a momentary pleasure in counting Prince BISMARCK among their supporters. If audacity and vigour of purpose were all that is required in ecclesiastical warfare, the great German statesman would be a host in himself. But before determining the value of this new ally, and the probability or improbability of the cause he has espoused being really the better for his adhesion, it is well to look at the question apart from the particular conditions under which it happens to present itself. From 1841 to the present time there have been two departments in the Prussian Ministry of Religion, one for the affairs of the Protestant Churches, the other for the affairs of the Roman Catholic Church. Each of these departments has been composed of a Director and three Councillors, all belonging, as a matter of course, to the religion with which the department in which they served had to deal. Under this arrangement the Roman Catholic Church has enjoyed a very great degree of independence, and in no European State has there been a more complete immunity from ecclesiastical difficulties. Prussia has presented a spectacle of religious peace and liberty which countries far superior to her in political development may regard with envy. The relations between the Roman Catholic Church and the State have been under the ultimate supervision of a Protestant Minister, by which means the rights of the Government have been secured; but the immediate conduct of them has been entrusted to Roman Catholics, by which means no occasion has been given to the jealousies so likely to arise when the temporal interests of one Church are left to the charge of members of another. For reasons which, so far as we know, have not been publicly stated, this arrangement has lately been abolished. The separate departments for Protestant and Roman Catholic affairs exist no longer. The Minister of Religion controls both confessions through the same subordinates, and though some of these may be, and probably are, Catholics, this fact is of no value apart from a guarantee that they will be exclusively employed in matters affecting their own Church. Until last year there would probably have been no difference of opinion among Liberal Catholics as to the inexpediency of this change. It would have been regarded as indisputable that, in a mixed State, such authority as the Government claims over the clergy of each communion should be exercised through the agency of officials professing the same creed. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners, for example, who in this country come nearest to the notion of a departmental Ministry of Religion, are all members of the Church of England, and one at least of them is appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury. If we imagine the Commission sent about its business, and the management of Church temporalities made over to the Committee of Council on Education, we shall have some idea of the character of the recent decree of the German Government. The fact that the members of the Catholic department were infallibilists seems to have blinded some Liberal Catholics to the retrograde nature of the step Prince BISMARCK has taken. The conduct of ecclesiastical affairs, so far as they fall under the cognizance of the temporal Government, has been withdrawn from the hands of their adversaries, and they find in this sufficient cause for exultation.

The attitude of the same party in Bavaria is open to less criticism. Bavaria is still a Catholic State, and in such cases

the action of the State authorities has often been the most effectual instrument of lay resistance to ecclesiastical oppression. But even here there is danger lest, in the hope of using this agency in the way in which it was so often employed in the middle ages, the Liberal Catholics should forget the change which has come over society in the meantime. The conflict within the Roman Catholic Church is not one which can be restricted to this or that State. A victory over the Ultramontanes in Bavaria would be of little value to the Liberal cause unless it had been won by arms that admit of being used in other countries also. The letter of the Minister of Public Worship, in which he informs the Archbishop of MUNICH that the Bavarian Government refuses to recognise the Vatican decree, and will maintain deposed and excommunicated clergy in the offices and dignities they have hitherto held, is an extremely opportune triumph for the Catholic minority in Bavaria. It will probably give them the use of churches to which they have been accustomed, while the retention by the Liberal clergy of their former posts may help to disguise from the ignorant the reality and importance of the schism. But it will avail little beyond the Bavarian frontier. A rejection of the doctrine by the Bavarian Catholics would have great effect on their co-religionists in France or England, since it would deprive the Vatican Council of that note of general acceptance by the Church, the importance of which is hardly denied even by the Ultramontanes themselves. But a rejection of the doctrine by the Bavarian Government proves nothing as to the merits of the controversy. It admits of being represented as a mere Parliamentary manoeuvre, the work of politicians who see in the quarrels of Christians only an occasion of advancing their own worldly ends. The conditions which make such a rejection possible in Bavaria have no counterpart under non-Catholic Governments. On the contrary, the Ultramontanes will only find in it an occasion for comparing the reception accorded to the decree in Bavaria, where the Church is in bondage to the secular arm, with that it has found in England and the United States, where the Church is left absolutely free to think and speak as she lists. It may be questioned whether the contrast thus pointed will not do an amount of harm to the cause of Liberal Catholicism generally which will more than counterbalance any local gain accruing to it in Bavaria. The only way in which the new dogma can be ejected from its usurped place in the Roman Catholic creed is by the growth of the minority which proclaims its falseness. It is not our business to pronounce whether this growth will be best promoted by submission to the excommunications which have been or will be pronounced against them, or by open rejection of the authority which has pronounced them; by patient waiting for the gradual diffusion of truth and the exposure which sooner or later is in store for all perversions of historical facts, or by a declaration that the POPE who issued the decree has thereby forfeited his title to obedience, even in things lawful, and ought to be confronted by an anti-Pope as soon as circumstances will allow. Nor, except in the capacity of a friendly critic, have we any right to have an opinion on the scope and limits of the action of Roman Catholic Governments. But the attempt to make Protestant Governments play a similar part in the controversy affects principles which ought to be maintained by every Liberal. That the Government of a mixed State like Prussia should endeavour as much as possible to keep aloof from the internal dissensions which rend from time to time the religious communions among which its subjects are distributed, would not have been disputed before the present quarrel had set in a new and striking light the advantages of its interference on the weaker side. There is no need to deny that, even in the most Protestant countries, questions involving the decision of intricate theological questions may occasionally come before the courts of law. If a Roman Catholic, excommunicated for rejecting Infallibility, should assert his right to a bequest which could only be enjoyed by him so long as he conformed to the Roman Catholic religion, the English tribunals might be forced to entertain the question whether the repudiation of the Vatican Council did or did not amount to a failure to fulfil this condition. But the unavoidable intervention of a court of law, an intervention which cannot be denied without a failure of justice, affords no precedent for a needless intervention on the part of an Executive which has, in fact, no justification except the accidental and subjective one that it is likely to intervene on the right side.

MR. JENKINS AND COMMUNISM.

MR. JENKINS, in his candidatureship for Truro, appears to have thought it expedient to deal cautiously with some subjects on which he has more fully expressed himself in a letter addressed to the *Daily News*. It might perhaps not be undesirable that an increasing sect of subversive theorists should be represented by one or two of their number in the House of Commons. If it were just and reasonable to attribute to a politician the logical consequences of his avowed doctrines, Mr. JENKINS might be described as a Communist. To himself he probably appears a moderate and philanthropic reformer of social and political institutions. He is perhaps scarcely prepared to confiscate more than a third or a half of the property of the country; and still less would he abolish the right of owning property; but, if he should hereafter have the power to try his proposed experiments, he would find that the struggle between ownership and community of possession admits of no compromise or drawn battle. The lucky literary hit to which Mr. JENKINS owes his reputation as a writer of fiction was one of many versions of the common fallacy that all human evils may be effectually prevented by human laws. The book was the story of a pauper foundling, successively assisted and deserted by one capricious protector after another, and ultimately resorting to criminal courses. In real life perhaps some one of the patrons of the outcast might have persisted in his benevolent enterprise, or the boy might by his own luck or merit have found an honest employment; but satirists are entitled at their pleasure to invent imaginary incidents to illustrate their denunciations; and it may be admitted that orphans thrown upon the streets are not on the high road to virtue or to fortune. From the misadventures of his ill-fated hero Mr. JENKINS draws, to his own satisfaction, the inference that the whole system of English society is fundamentally vicious, although it would be possible without organic change to adopt some nostrums of his own, or to attempt other methods of repressing juvenile delinquency. It appears that Mr. JENKINS is a believer in the plan of stimulating emigration to the colonies, where his imaginary foundling might perhaps have thriven. There are arguments for and against measures of this kind, and the solution of the controversy will not be facilitated by indignant apostrophes to a negligent Government and community. Declamations against the shortcomings of law and of practice not unfrequently indicate utter inability to supply a remedy. If Parliament were to vote an annual subsidy for emigrants, and even if the land were taken from its present owners, there would still among two and twenty millions of people be paupers and criminals. Mr. JENKINS, who is culpably disaffected to the present Ministers, complains, not without plausibility, that "we have political paroxysms, and, like France, are governed by statesmen in hysterics"; but his own contributions to political knowledge are wholly of the hysterical order. Indeed he censures "Mr. Lowe's notorious political scepticism" even more severely than Mr. GLADSTONE's facile emotion. Equally distrustful the enthusiasm of humanity and the rules of political economy, the new generation of reformers is hard to please.

Among the evils which Mr. JENKINS proposes to remove are "an aristocracy brooding upon English land; an indefensible system of religious superiority; and manufacturers flaying labour alive in the streets." It is perhaps hardly worth while to dwell on so trivial a matter as an established Church, when, "between the restraints upon land and the tyranny of capital, the powerful and increasing millions of labour are being shut within contracting walls of iron." The restraints on land mean the existence of landed property, as the tyranny of capital consists in the right of the owner to invest it in the most profitable manner. Like other agitators, Mr. JENKINS is occasionally inconsistent, as when he declares that "the question of questions for the working-man is the land question." The artisans of the towns may perhaps think that they are more immediately concerned with "the tyranny of capital"; but, provided that property is transferred from those who have it to those who may be induced to wish for it, money or land will perhaps be equally acceptable. It is important that capitalists, including every man who has 50*l.* in a joint-stock society or in the funds, should clearly understand that they are tyrants equally liable with landowners to plunder and to punishment. According to Mr. JENKINS, whose opinions would not be worth discussing if they were not professed by many other advocates of revolution, the mass of the population has a right to waste lands, to organization of labour, to free and assisted emigration, and, as an anticlimax, to Mr. BRIGHT's free breakfast-table. The waste lands of England are, with little exception, already applied or likely to

be applied to the most profitable uses of which their nature admits. If they were sold or given in small lots to settlers, the country would not be richer; and in a few years, unless alienation were prohibited by law, the holders would find it more advantageous to sell their estates than to retain them. The breakfast-table might be liberated by the abolition of the moderate duties on tea and sugar; but the organization of labour could only be effected by the expropriation of all the manufacturers and of all the traders, and by the substitution for private employers of a despotic State administration. All pretences of compensation for land or for capital are illusory, and probably insincere. If purchase money were paid by the State, the interest would be a mortgage on the land fully equal to the rent. Capital could only be paid for in capital, and if it were possible that the requisite funds should be provided, revolutionists would not tolerate the continued existence of the proprietary classes in the form of sinecure annuitants.

When educated persons preach doctrines which implicitly contain the principle of the abolition of property, it is not surprising that humbler malecontents should openly demand universal spoliation. One pamphleteer declares that "neither land nor money should be merchantable," and that "the paw of privilege is laid on the land and all its wealth, and the workman is confronted with the brazen face of the idle money-holder." The landlords and "money-jugglers" are warned that their monopolies must come to an end; and the money-jugglers will do well to attend to the threat, to which landowners have for some time past been accustomed. The tradesmen of Truro juggle with money by charging a profit on their goods, as Mr. AUGUSTUS SMITH acknowledges "WILLIAM the CONQUEROR as the landlords' god" when he receives the rents of his estates. Mr. JENKINS is probably too well informed to hold the creed with respect to WILLIAM the CONQUEROR which seems to be in vogue with the school of ODGER; but if the ownership of land is a nuisance to be abated, it matters little whether it is also a superstition or an idolatry. The more outspoken Communists announce that the supplies must be stopped. "No more interest on the National Debt, or on any other debt. Private land-owning must cease." The landowners form, unluckily for themselves, only a small fraction of the population; but many fundholders own less than 10*l.* each of the National Debt, and the cessation of the payment of interest on private debts would ruin hundreds of thousands. It is not probable that the aggregate wealth of the community would be increased by the annihilation of all motives for accumulation. The saving to be effected by the universal equalization of property would consist in the non-consumption of luxuries. The more or less wealthy classes would be compelled to discontinue the use of wine; and although they could not eat much less, unless they were to suffer from hunger, their food would be somewhat less costly. Those who amass fortunes in trades and professions have during the process only consumed the difference between their earnings and their savings; the surplus is devoted to reproduction, to the advantage of workmen as well as of other classes. But it is a waste of time to engage in economical discussions with the enemies of property. There may be some use in reminding those who wish to preserve civilized society, that modified or partial Communism is a practical impossibility. Non-revolutionary Liberals who tamper with Socialism for purposes of popularity will deserve no compassion if they should hereafter witness and share a general catastrophe. Mr. JENKINS whimsically attributes the dissensions of the Liberal party to the slackness of their leaders in dealing with the land question and with the organization of labour. Mr. GLADSTONE understood the art of recruiting a party better than his critic when he concentrated their efforts on the secondary and conventional issue of the Ballot. Only an excitable theorist is capable of believing that the middle classes, which form the strength of the Liberal party, are prepared to confiscate capital under the pretext of organizing labour; but Mr. JENKINS seems to be qualified for the business of agitation by a boundless credulity. He actually explains the defeat of the East Surrey Liberals by the neglect of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. LOWE to exhibit a definite policy and persistent adherence to principles. The licensed victuallers, the retired tradesmen, the villa residents of East Surrey, would, it seems, have been conciliated by a policy devoted exclusively to the supposed interests of labour at the expense of real and personal property. It had not been supposed that the majority of the county electors were disinterested dreamers. Shallow, well-meant, and desultory Jacobinism is only formidable because definite and independent opinions on political questions are rare. It is satisfactory to observe that, when his own electoral

interests are concerned, Mr. JENKINS is not incapable of preferring expediency to over-rigid principle. Professing to be a sanitary reformer, he is opposed to the Contagious Diseases Act, which is perhaps the most effective and most beneficial of all sanitary reforms, while it at the same time subjects candidates who support the measure to the risk of losing a certain number of votes. In Truro it would appear that "a persistent adherence to principles" is not the most eligible mode of uniting the Liberal party. The spread of revolutionary opinions such as those which Mr. JENKINS half consciously holds may probably accelerate the process of disintegration.

THE STRIKES.

THE strike of the engineers at Newcastle still continues, and it appears that the junta of Socialist agitators in London which operates through the agency of what is called the General Trades' Council is doing its best to stir up other strikes, and to provoke demonstrations against employers in as many trades as possible throughout the country. Unfortunately pretexts for a strike are seldom wanting; and a reckless leader and a ready organization are all that is wanted to set it in motion. It has been fallaciously argued that the present prevalence of strikes, after a period of comparative industrial inactivity, is a proof of reviving commercial prosperity. This theory proceeds on the assumption that it is the habit of the men to insist upon an increase of pay only when the employers' profits have increased, or at least when the men imagine that they have increased. As a rule, however, the occasion of a strike is determined rather by the necessities of the masters than by the profits of the trade. It is impossible to read the evidence which was taken by the Trade Union Commissioners without seeing that it is a cardinal principle of the Unionist creed that employers can always compensate themselves for an increase of wages by raising the prices which they impose upon the public. On this theory there is even more reason for a strike when the market is low than when it is high, as a means of compelling the masters to show a proper spirit and to exact a sufficient tribute from the community to whom they are supposed to be weakly and perversely merciful. It never seems to occur to the political economists of the workshop that the demand for an article may be diminished by the exorbitant terms on which it is supplied; that there is scarcely any article so absolutely indispensable that people cannot do with less of it than they have previously used, under the pressure of excessive charges; and that the dearness of an article in one market at once stimulates the opening up of other markets where it can be procured on less onerous conditions. In the philosophy of the Unions, water always runs uphill, and never finds its level. A great deal is said about the international character of industrial combinations. The workmen of Belgium and Prussia are prepared, it is stated, to make common cause with those of Newcastle. The cowardly violence and organized intimidation with which the foreign engineers have been received by the men on strike supplies a curious commentary on eloquent professions of international fraternity. The readiness with which the foreigners come over is explained by the dazzling temptation of the English scale of wages as compared with their accustomed earnings. Some of them have been frightened away by the menaces of the Unionists, but their place has been at once filled by fresh importations. Even if it were true, as the Unionists assert, that Belgian and Prussian engineers have determined that they will not supplant their English brethren at Newcastle, there is another aspect of the question which must not be overlooked. Markets are now international in a much more real and practical sense than industrial sympathies, and unless the foreign engineers are obliging enough to leave off work altogether, which we presume is not expected, our operatives will find themselves exposed to a more formidable and dangerous rivalry than if the foreigners had remained to compete with them on English soil.

The artisans who are now exclaiming against the atrocious wickedness of importing Belgians and Prussians to "under-work" Englishmen, forget that it is their own demands which render them liable to be underworked in this manner, and that the process will not be arrested merely by persuading the foreigners to stay at home. It may be argued that it is of more importance to the country that a useful and valuable industry should be preserved than that it should be carried on exclusively by English working-men. The Unionists are not the whole people of England, and there are interests at stake of greater magnitude than those of the

artisans now on strike. A couple of blue-books have lately been compiled by our diplomatic and consular agents, describing the condition of the industrial classes in foreign countries. If our working-men could realize the significance of these Reports, they would perhaps comprehend how many advantages they enjoy compared with the similar class in most other countries, and would see the impossibility of competing with the cheap labour of the Continent, if they persist in continually demanding higher wages and shorter hours of work. It is true that a movement in the same direction is observable abroad, but one or two facts, picked at random from the Reports we have mentioned, will show the enormous difference in the material resources of English and foreign workmen at the present moment. In Holland, the wages of a skilled artisan in the larger towns seldom exceed sixteen shillings a week; in the country they are much less. He rarely tastes meat. His breakfast is a sandwich of bread and butter—a thin slice of black bread between two thicker pieces of brown bread—with a cup of coffee. He dines off a mess of vegetables soaked in dripping, or perhaps a bit of fish, followed by a cup of tea. His working day consists of twelve hours. At Hamburg, an iron-shipbuilder of the first class earns eighteen shillings a week, working ten hours a day; other craftsmen work eleven hours a day for a smaller sum. In Prussia *zs. 6d.* a day is a comparatively high wage, and the average is rather under than over *zs.* Throughout nearly the whole of Prussia, journeymen and apprentices work regularly in summer from five o'clock in the morning till seven or later at night, with half-an-hour or an hour for dinner. The Belgian workman subsists mainly on butter and lard, green or dry vegetables, fresh or salted pork. If in flourishing circumstances, he has meat perhaps twice a week. "Very many" have for their entire subsistence but potatoes, with a little "grease, brown or black bread—often bad—and for their drink "a tincture of chicory." Wages in Switzerland are nearly forty per cent. lower than in England, and working-men live on bread and cheese, and vegetables, with meat seldom more than once a week.

The men on strike at Newcastle are not perhaps aware that a movement similar to that in which they are now engaged was tried a few years ago in the United States, with all the advantages which it might be supposed to derive from the favourable position of labour in a new country and the active assistance of a democratic Legislature, and that it failed. At Buffalo, where working-men are exceptionally prosperous and independent, the ordinary working day is not less than ten hours. When the agitation in favour of an eight-hour day first began, the leading manufacturers at once met it by establishing payment by the hour, at the rate of one-tenth of the ordinary day's wages, thus shelving the question. In Pennsylvania the working day is also ten hours; "if a labourer desires to work only eight hours, he must work "by the hour." The Act of Congress fixing eight hours as the normal day's work has thus proved a dead letter. Both in Buffalo and Pennsylvania wages are falling, but in the latter region there has been a partial recovery since the dissolution of several Trade Unions and a relaxation of the rules imposed by the others. Even in California, only three or four of the crafts most in request have been able to enforce the eight hours' movement; some have secured nine hours as a compromise; but ten hours is now the rule, notwithstanding the arduous struggle and severe sufferings which were undergone in the effort to secure a shorter day. The orators of the Nine Hours' League argue very plausibly that the value of labour is not to be measured merely by the number of hours over which it is extended. It is quite true that nine hours' work may, under certain circumstances, be worth more than ten hours, or eight hours worth more than nine; but we are justified in questioning the honesty of this plea when it is put forward by the same class which rigorously enforces, under severe penalties, the law against "chasing"—that is, the full exercise of his powers by a skilful and energetic workman—and which has invented a great variety of vexatious and fantastic rules for wasting time, such as those in the building trade, that "every bricklayer is "to have one labourer to attend upon him, whether there is "work for the latter to do or not," that "no bricks are to be "wheeled in a barrow," and that "labourers are not to go "up one ladder and come down another." The truth is that the real object of the movement, as of the whole system of Unionism, is to carry out the old Socialist principle of artificially providing employment for the working classes. If it were a simple question of wages, it might be adjusted without difficulty, but it is very much

more than this. The demand is, that the men on strike shall be taken back at the former rates of pay, and that room shall be made for a body of new men by reducing the working day to nine hours. If this were conceded, it would before long be followed by a proposal for a further limitation of hours, in order that yet more men might be required; and so it would go on. In the programme which has just been put forth by the London Republicans, we find a prominent place assigned to the "Obligation of the State to provide suitable employment for all citizens able to work"; and this document was apparently concocted by the men who are now influencing the movements of the Unions. The strike has now become a trial of strength, and amicable suggestions of arbitration are idle and impracticable. The fight must be fought out, but the authorities are bound to see that the struggle is peaceably conducted, and that the imported artisans are not subjected to overt intimidation and coercion. It is quite clear that some of them have been "got at," and it is easy to conceive the kind of terrorism which has been applied to men who naturally interpret an unknown tongue by the gestures which accompany the words, and by the equally alarming preparations which are required for their own protection. It may also be suggested that working-men who are behaving in this fashion are not exactly fit subjects for the immoral and demoralizing adulation of responsible statesmen.

FAULT-FINDING.

BY fault-finding we mean the habit of mind which sees faults only. Many people have a keen eye for blemishes whether moral or physical, and are not careful to conceal their unfavourable impressions; but if they have at the same time as keen an eye for beauty and merit, and equal alacrity in acknowledging them when they see them, they are critically observant, but they are not fault-finders; for the fault-finder never observes when things go well, or look well, or are well done. A room may be furnished in perfect taste; but he only notices that a picture is hung a hair's breadth awry. A garden may be a blaze of colours; he contents himself with pointing out that such and such choice varieties are wanting. The gift of seeing beauty of any sort is not his. Order, harmony, propriety, take no conscious hold on certain perceptions. They pass them over as things of course, as the rule of nature. It is only when the rule is reversed that attention is stimulated and the judgment called into exercise. Thus dull people are often fault-finders. The judgment must have some field for expression; few people pass through life neither praising nor blaming; but dulness must be exceptionally amiable when it spends itself on undiscerning praise, the most unambitious of all mental operations. There is a certain sharpness, however, which still more strongly stimulates to fault-finding—sharpness as opposed to imagination. The habit of picking holes is a great quickener of the lower intellect. Imagination is prone to the weakness of exaggerated praise, which no eloquence can save from humiliating retribution. But there is an impunity in fault-finding which imparts facility and daring; and as

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be,

the practised hand searches for what he knows is there if he is only clever enough to find it. The true fault-finder is necessarily an egotist; he views and judges things in relation to himself, as is the case with all defective sympathies, and therefore with the intelligences of a lower creation. There is no more persistent fault-finder than a clever house-dog. His life is one continual act of reprehension; he watches for some infringement of his manorial rights with a perky, pleased vigilance which is perfectly typical of humanity; and flies into a fury of protests on the smallest excuse—an approaching step, a distant bark, any remote sound or movement—with an abandonment which reminds us not seldom of the air and attitude of some Christian acquaintance. For the real fault-finder is as lost as Fido if there is nothing to bark at, and never looks so light or alert as when carping at some victim. This is the use to some old ladies of a companion, as keeping them alive and in vigour. It is not merely temper which instigates to a cruelty; it is an intellectual appetite craving its indulgence.

And yet there are tasks and offices which necessitate fault-finding. The educator must not take things easily. It is one of the evils of home training that a hundred bad habits establish themselves, because nobody likes the odium of attacking them with the unsparing persistency necessary to their eradication. But the fault-finder is too content with his vocation to do the work of extirpation successfully. Such phrases as "I have talked till I was tired," "If I have told you once I have told you a hundred times," betray complacency as in the thought of a duty performed rather than solicitude for the subject of these protracted lessons. Any one who recognises this facility in himself should pause to observe the effect of his reproofs. It is not in the nature of things to be influenced for good by a person of this disposition, and no one is morally bound to find fault where he has reason to be hopeless of a good issue. Barrow expresses himself feelingly on this topic, as though the formula, familiar we doubt not to childhood of every

age, still sounded rasping and prosy in his ears—"That's the fault I find with thee, Isaac," prelude each onslaught on the quaint, odd ways which were part of his nature. "Affect not," he says, "to be reprehensive. Reprove not for slight matters, for such faults or defects as proceed from natural frailty, from inadvertency, from mistake in matters of small consequence; for it is hard to be just in such reproof or so to temper it as not to exceed the measure of blame due to such faults; they occur so often that we should never cease to be carping if we do it upon such occasions; it is not worth the while, it is not handsome to seem displeased with such little things; it is spending our artillery upon a game not worth the killing. Reproof is too grave and stately a thing to be prostituted upon so mean things; to use it upon small cause derogates from its weight when there is considerable reason for it. Friendship, charity, and humanity should cover such offences."

It is a notable characteristic of the fault-finder to treat every chance slip as an habitual practice, to treat the awkward exception as our rule. We like to think of our little errors as accidental; the fault-finder suspects a habit on the first perpetration, and holds it confirmed at the second, because he has not noticed and takes no count of the intermediate correctness and propriety which show the blunder to have been an accident. Nothing is more irritating to young people, or indeed to all of us so long as there is anybody privileged to expose our weaknesses, than the conversion of a single offence into a noun of multitude by the accusation, "You have a way, a trick, a habit," "That is a very foolish trick of yours," when all that we are inclined to own to, and all of which the critic has distinct cognizance, is a solitary instance. Reproof has ten times the influence for good if the action is reprobated without reference to antecedents, not treated as a sample of the ordinary habit of life—unless, of course, it is the habit which is the distinct grievance. All this bears on the feeble and more feminine exhibitions of the fault-finding temper, where it is indulged rather as a cherished privilege than with any ulterior thought of effecting a change in the object of it. A decent woman of the poorer classes thinks she is showing her consciousness of the occasion and commending herself to her clergyman by keeping up in his presence a loud remonstrance with her children for everything they are doing or not doing. It is evident by their demeanour that her words have no weight with them, but she has faith in the respectability of fault-finding quite apart from reliance on its efficacy. What the same class think of it when applied against them is not difficult to learn. Captious particularity is of all qualities most unpopular in superiors. What the negroes called *curious* in master or mistress is rendered by *nasty* in some kitchen vocabularies; and in this sense the moderate, guarded commendation bestowed by a waiting damsel on the family she was quitting, that "the ladies was noways nasty," was estimated by its objects as a very flattering tribute to their amiability.

Fault-finders are of three temperaments—the peevish, the plaintive, and the unsympathizing; the peevish lavishing their discontent most willingly on the people about them, as thereby diffusing some share of their own annoyance; the plaintive exhaling in fretfulness against circumstances. In both cases lack of interests and employment is either at the bottom of the disease or largely contributes to it. Enjoyment of any sort, the recognition of good fortune, the detection of beauty, any kind of appreciation demands an elasticity of spirits and intellectual activity of which they are not capable. "Take a fine lady," says an old writer, "who is of delicate frame, and you may observe, from the hour she rises, a certain weariness of all that passes about her. They are sick of such strange frightful people that they meet, one is so awkward and another so disagreeable that it looks a penance to breathe the same air with them." It is in fact an inevitable consequence of languor, however caught or instilled, to find fault with something as the cause of one's uneasiness. And not only fine ladies, but fine gentlemen—and for the same cause, a pampered apathy which forbids all effort to get out of themselves—exercise all their ingenuity in finding fault. It is a fruitless undertaking, said Swift, "to write for men of a nice and foppish gusto whom it is impossible to please." All this is languor and satiety, real or affected. Sprightly fault-finding in man or woman is a more distinct mark of defective sympathy—defective either from nature, or ignorance, or interest in the subject handled. Literary criticism used to be unmitigated fault-finding. Nothing else was looked for by the common run of readers. All cleverness was expended as a matter of course in disparagement, savage or neatly turned, according to the critic's genius, and designed to gall the irritable nerves of the author, and so to impart pleasure to the reader, who was thus made fault-finder at second-hand. It answered a demand at a time when tenderness to an author was no more dreamed of than tenderness to bulls or bears or other baited animals; and ignorant readers enjoyed the spite of scarcely less ignorant writers with a general vague sense that they rose in the scale of wit when the wits by profession were detected in inaccuracy of trivial fact, defective rhyme, or the blunder, as in Tasso's case, of making an episode too interesting. A more generous style is now tolerated. Fulsome eulogy, indeed, is often substituted for it; but we fear that captious, carping criticism will never be out of vogue so long as there are readers—and there are many—who judge of the cleverness of a writer and critic solely by the keenness of his eye for slips and blemishes.

Among the fault-finders we must not fail to enumerate the people who take a great interest in their own faults and a lively pleasure in discussing them. It might be assumed that, distasteful

as the practice is to the world in general, like thus meeting with like, there would ensue a happy fusion. But experience does not find it so; in fact the repulsion is as great here as elsewhere, and the glib self-disparager gets out of the way of the fault-finder with as sharp an alacrity as the rest. The thing breaks down for want of a mutual understanding. The self-accuser invites inquiry into his faults, but the other party shows himself so utterly without perception when he attempts to name them, that the subject loses its interest and becomes disagreeable. "I like to hear you express your sense of my defects," writes Margaret Fuller to a friend whom she had importuned to be faithful. "The word arrogance does not appear to me to be just, probably because I do not understand what you mean. But in due time I doubtless shall; for so repeatedly have you used it, that it must stand for something real in my large, rich, yet irregular and unclarified nature. But though I like to hear you, as I say by myself, I return to my native bias, and feel as if there was plenty of room in the universe for my faults, and as if I could not spend time in thinking of them when so many things interest me more." This hits the nail on the head. The fault-finder has an unwilling audience because each hearer has things that interest him more than the inevitable subject-matter of his communications. It is uniformity that makes him dull, even when enlarging to us on the faults of our neighbours; he is dull, whatever his natural gifts—for there are quick wits that swamp themselves in this captious quagmire of universal disparagement—dull because he sees the dull side of things, and because he falls into a monotony of tone in treating them. Mere vituperation does not bring about this flatness. It does not "stop on picking work to dwell," but flames and goes out, and now and then praises if only for the sake of contrast. Hence we do not class Walter Savage Landor, the greatest vituperator of his age, among the fault-finders. His mere vivacity separates him from the fraternity.

MONTACUTE.

WE have lately had occasion more than once to speak of the relations between local and general history, of the light which local researches, if carried on in the right way, may throw upon the general history of a country, and of the dull and uninquiring way in which they commonly have been carried on. When there is a real historic interest attaching to a place, the genuine local antiquary, the county historian, the digger-out of the obscure pedigrees of this or that "county family," commonly contrives to pass it by. Domesday itself becomes dead in his hands; the entry describing the parish is duly copied, but any attempt to call up the real living state of things as set forth in what to one who understands it is the most graphic of records, is never thought of. It seems never to have come into the head of compilers of this class that the names in Domesday are the names of real men, men whose history may in many cases be largely recovered from Domesday alone. To them the men who have the most marked personal being are still mere names; we doubt whether it comes into their heads to think whether the same name in different entries means the same man or another. Take, for instance, a man so marked as the Conqueror's brother, Robert, son of Herlwin and Herleva, Count of Mortain and Earl of Cornwall, the man who had the greatest share of the spoils of England. Go through a county history of any of the districts where his estates lay, and read of "the Earl of Moreton," "Earl Morton," and what not, till one begins to doubt whether our teacher did not identify the Conqueror's brother with the Earl of Morton who kissed the Maiden in the time of James the Sixth. Such a leaping over several ages would not be unparalleled. We have known people who thought that the Henry the Fourth who stood in the snow at Canosa was one and the same man with the Henry the Fourth whose white plume floated over the field of Ivry. But, be this as it may, we have been led into this train of thought by the contemplation of a spot which is one of the most remarkable of the endless possessions of Earl Robert. In the south-eastern region of Somerset, not far from the branch railway which connects the towns of Taunton and Yeovil, lies the village, as we are tempted to call it—though we believe it has not lost its right to be called a borough—of Montacute. The French name at once provokes inquiry. It is common enough for an English parish to have the name of some Norman family added to it; but here the place itself actually bears a foreign name? It is plain at the first glance that Montacute, like Richmond and Montgomery, must have some special history of its own. But the first glance would in no way suggest how special and unique the history of Montacute is, and the whole of the early associations of the place have been altogether overshadowed by its fortunes in far later times. We suspect that the place is hardly known out of its own neighbourhood, and in its own neighbourhood it is its most recent claim to attention which is the best remembered. Let us draw near to the place from the east. The road passes under the height of Ham Hill, a place famous alike as the quarry from which many of the finest buildings of the district have been hewn, and also as a monument of the earliest conquest of the island which finds a place in written history. The irregular four-sided hill has formed a vast fortress of primeval times, and the north-east corner, forming a sort of peninsula, is held by some antiquaries to have been a post occupied by the Roman invaders, whose presence is marked by a small amphitheatre. The place is now utterly

desolate; either the Roman settlement was a mere camp, forsaken after the particular campaign in which it played its part, or, if the camp had grown into any permanent dwelling-place, it must have been swept away during the havoc of English conquest. Now, as we are here in a region which was not occupied by the English till after their conversion, the former cause is much more likely than the latter; and this leads us to the remark that it is needful to bear in mind that the whole time of Roman presence in Britain was not a time of mere wars and fighting. The Roman occupation lasted more than three centuries and a half, and when the first conquest was fully achieved, there followed, at all events in the southern parts of the island, a long time during which the *Pax Romana* must have been fully established. In the third and fourth centuries indeed, Britain, as we know, was a land fertile in tyrants; but the revolutions which set up one local Emperor after another were not generally of such a kind as to lead to much lengthy campaigning, and in this part of the island the inhabitants could not have been disturbed either by Caledonian incursions or by the Saxon harryings of the eastern shore. Add to this, again, that in those parts of Britain which were among the last to come into English possession, the Roman period must be looked on as going on, for many purposes, for some ages after the withdrawal of the Roman legions. There was thus ample opportunity for sites which had been occupied in the first stages of Roman Conquest to be forsaken long before the coming of the English. A camp might, when circumstances were favourable, grow into a town; otherwise it might be forsaken after its first military object had been secured. In this way many earthworks, both of Roman and of older date, which we now look on as antiquities, may have had an equal claim to be looked on as antiquities when they first came into the hands of our forefathers.

The great mass of Ham Hill is continued to the east in the form of two of the isolated hills so common in Somerset, whose form is a good deal lost owing to their having been in late times clothed with artificially planted wood. The more eastern of the two is the *Mons Acutus*, the *Mont Agud*, itself, the site of the castle of Earl Robert and the scene of the legend which connects the place still more closely with the most spirit-stirring events of the eleventh century. The hill looks down on a group of buildings of later date, all of which may fairly claim attention on their own account. Nearest to the hill stands a stately gateway of the latest mediæval work, which is all that remains of the Cluniac Priory of Montacute, the foundation of Earl William, the son of the first Norman possessor, Earl Robert. Hard by stands the parish church, a building inferior in size and splendour to many in the district, but which still is not a building to be carelessly passed by. Both this church and its neighbour Stoke-sub-Hamdon, lying more directly under the great camp, are examples of the earlier and simpler churches of the district, greatly altered in detail, but which have never been completely recast in a later style and on a greater scale. Stoke church especially may pass as a sort of living handbook of English architecture. All the varieties of style from the twelfth century to the sixteenth are there seen on a small scale, brought in by various additions and insertions without any complete rebuilding of the original small Romanesque fabric. Montacute has been brought more nearly to the common type of a Somersetshire church by the addition of a graceful western tower of the fifteenth century, while one of the additions at Stoke was a side tower of the thirteenth. The Priory and the parish church stand at one end of the little borough, while at the other end stands the stately mansion of the time of Elizabeth, which in most eyes forms the chief attraction and association of the place. This was the work of Sir Edward Philips, or Phelps—the spelling is of course as unimportant at Montacute as at other places—Queen's Serjeant to Elizabeth; and the family succession for some generations is somewhat of a contrast to the obscure names which commonly cumber the pages of county histories. Another Sir Edward Philips was Speaker of the House of Commons, and filled other high offices under Elizabeth and James, and the result of his presence in high places is that the house contains the original depositions taken at the examination of the conspirators in the Gunpowder Plot. His son, Sir Robert, has left behind him a worthier name as one of the patriots of the early Parliaments of Charles the First. Like other patriots of the time, he found his way to the Tower, and the Calendars of State Papers of those days are full of notices of his doings both in public and local affairs. In the mind of Hallam, Sir Robert Philips was famous enough to be used as a figure of speech in such a roll-call as “the Cokes, the Seldens, the Glanvils, the Pymes, the Eliots, the Philipses, of this famous Parliament.” But the local historian, Collinson, has nothing to tell of him but his name, the offices held by the father being, it would seem, looked on as more memorable than the personal eminence of the son. The local history is also equally silent as to more than the name of a worthy on the other side in the next generation, that “very honest gentleman, Colonel Robert Philips,” whose loyalty to both the first and the second Charles is recorded with honour by Clarendon.

The houses of the little borough form a good study of the domestic architecture of those districts where, stone being abundant, a very decent style of house building went on with very little change from the sixteenth century almost down to our own times. The streets and open places of Montacute are full of doors and windows, some of them older than the great house, not much younger than the gateway of the Priory. Altogether the gateway, the church, the houses, great and small, form a group which are of them-

selves enough to make Montacute a place of no small antiquarian interest. But these later associations are as nothing compared with the earlier events on which local historians are silent, which local memory seems to have forgotten, but which are the events that make the history of Montacute part of the history of England.

The hill of Montacute, then the hill of St. Michael, to give it its Norman name and its Norman dedication, had under its older English name of Leodgareshurh an equal share with Waltham in the history of the Holy Rood, the Holy Rood which gave England her war-cry on the day of St. Calixtus. It was on the hill of Leodgareshurh, in the days of Cnut, that the pious carpenter—let us rather call his trade by the English name of *wright*—who for his goodness was entrusted with the honourable office of keeping the lights, the water, and the fire of the parish church, was led by a series of visions and prodigies to the finding of the great Rood of black flint, with its companion relics, the smaller cross, the bell, and the black text of the Gospels. It was from Leodgareshurh that the holy freight set forth on its wonderful journey, when the oxen, who would not stir at the names of Canterbury, Winchester, Glastonbury, London, and other great seats of Bishops and Abbots, at once set off when the Sheriff Tofig uttered the name of his distant lordship of Waltham in Essex, where as yet there was neither town nor church, but only a newly-built hunting-lodge in the wood. There, as we all know, arose in honour of the relic the first small foundation of Tofig and the greater foundation of Harold, and there it was that, in the days between the two great battles, Harold went to worship and received the awful sign of the bowing at the Holy Rood. Now, amidst all this mass of legend it is easy to see that Harold held the Holy Rood of Waltham in special reverence, and this places it almost beyond doubt that the cry of *Holy Cross* raised by his soldiers had a special reference to this renowned relic. And, whatever we make of the details of the legend, it is impossible to reject the connexion of the story alike with Montacute and with Waltham. The whole story is a Waltham story, and not a Montacute story. It lived on at Waltham when it seems to have been forgotten at Montacute; unless the tale had some sort of foundation, Waltham writers would never have gone out of their way to invent a tale in honour of so distant a place as Montacute, one which, when they wrote, had no kind of connexion with their own home. Without then attempting to measure the exact proportions of truth and falsehood in the story, we are safe in connecting the hill of Leodgareshurh with the great relic of Waltham, and thereby with the English war-cry at Senlac.

The name Leodgareshurh, as an older name of Montacute, appears both in the Waltham book *De Inventione* and in William of Malmesbury's History of Glastonbury. It is perhaps the name of the hill itself, as the town appears in Domesday by the name of Bishopston. By that name it passed from the Abbey of Athelney to Earl Robert. It must have been in some unusual fit of scrupulousness that the Earl, who robbed the churches of his own Earldom of Cornwall without mercy, gave the monks other lands in Dorset in exchange. It was doubtless the military advantages of the post—just such a vulture's nest as the Norman invaders loved—which made the place specially desirable in the hands of the Earl. A strong fortress was needed to secure the vast estates in those parts which Robert had received from his brother after the fall of Exeter and the consequent conquest of the West. On the *Mons Acutus* there arose a castle which has utterly vanished, but whose traces deserve a more minute examination than they have yet met with. The examination is difficult, from the thickness of the wood with which the whole hill-side is choked up; but earthworks are still to be seen there, and it has yet to be made out whether those earthworks belong to the time of Earl Robert, or whether they are not parts of one great system of defence of far earlier times, which would make them outlying portions of the great primæval fortress on the neighbouring hill. That Robert built his castle on the hill there is no kind of doubt; but he might, as was often done in those times, have availed himself for its defence of the works of far earlier days. What was done on a gigantic scale on Old Sarum may well have been done on a smaller scale at Montacute.

The importance of the castle as a military post, as also the speed with which the site was occupied and the fortress reared, is shown by the next piece of history where Montacute is named, a piece of history of which the local antiquary takes no notice whatever. Earl Robert could not have received his lands in the West before the fall of Exeter in 1068; and in 1069, among those isolated risings which, had they been other than isolated, might have undone the work of the Conquest, the castle of Montacute, as well as the castle of Exeter, was besieged by the revolted English. The men of Somerset and Dorset assaulted the fortress, which was to them at once the badge and the special instrument of oppression. Their revolt was crushed by the warlike Bishop Geoffrey of Coutances, whose own vast estates in the district were in danger. The policy by which, when a land is conquered bit by bit, the forces of the districts already subdued can be turned against the districts which are still independent, was skillfully used by Geoffrey, as it was by William himself. William had led English troops to the siege of Exeter, and now Geoffrey led the levies of London, Winchester, and Salisbury, and other English towns and shires, to put down the revolt of the West Saxons of Somerset and Dorset. The vengeance of the prelate was terrible—as terrible in its way as the vengeance which fell on the men of the same shire six hundred years later. But the forms of cruelty vary much in different ages. Kirke and Jeffreys slaughtered men with-

out mercy after their several fashions, but we read nothing in those days of lopping off hands or putting out eyes, and most likely both the Judge and the Colonel would have shrunk from such barbarous doings. In the days of William men scrupled to shed blood except on the field of battle, but mutilation was an everyday punishment. There is nothing to show, there is nothing to make us think, that any of the revolvers in Montacute were killed except in fair fighting; but it is expressly recorded that the Bishop mutilated those who were taken prisoners. He doubtless thought, like his master, that he was showing mercy in so doing, and was avoiding the name of a man of blood.

It is in this way that large pieces of local, and thereby of general, history lurk in quarters where they have well-nigh passed out of both local and general memory. The early history of Montacute seems to be forgotten on the spot, and local memory will hardly be much strengthened by turning to popular histories of England. Lingard records that "the malcontents in Devon and Somersetshire made an assault upon Montacute," without any hint where or what Montacute was. Hume is more explicit; in his hands the castle is turned into a man, and we read that "the English in the counties of Somerset and Dorset rose in arms and assaulted Montacute, the Norman governor."

THE WEEK BEFORE THE CAMPAIGN.

HOWEVER much we may regret the modification of the original scheme for the autumn manoeuvres, there can be no doubt that, during the approaching sham campaign, all ranks and branches of the army now assembled at Aldershot will have opportunities of learning much which cannot fail to be useful to them, if ever they should be called upon to take the field against a real enemy. One useful lesson has already been learned, at no inconsiderable cost, and it may be presumed that in future the cavalry horses of the British army will be securely picketed. Our military administrators also will gain much valuable experience, which it will be their own fault if they do not turn to account in the reorganization of the army. It is not merely the fact that men are killed and wounded which is the characteristic of actual war; quite apart from this incident of warfare, there is much of that stern reality in an actual campaign which tends to convert the holiday soldier into the warrior, and which we can, if we choose, introduce as a prominent feature into our first experiment of mimic war. We fear, however, that there are so many prejudices, so many preconceived notions, to be swept away, so great a dread of rendering an army recruited by voluntary enlistment unpopular, that there will be more of what children call "make-believe" than there should be. In short, we fear that a national military display will in great measure be substituted for a businesslike training, and that the difference between our sham and a real campaign will be found to consist in other things than a mere absence of projectiles.

One great instance of sham is afforded by the arrangements contemplated for the accommodation of the Prince of Wales, who is to have no less than three marquees for the use of himself and his private secretary. If the Prince is to do the duty of general of brigade, he ought to be satisfied with the same accommodation as is allowed to every other officer of his rank. Then the amount of baggage which is to be carried for officers by the Control Department seems, though much less than the ordinary quantity, to be more than is necessary. Each officer is to have carried for him 40 lbs. of personal baggage, besides a share of a tent and a third of 22 lbs. weight of cooking utensils. Considering the short duration of the operations, an officer might well do with 38 lbs. of baggage, share of "nest of kettles" included, in addition to the greatcoat which ought to be carried on the person. We learn that officers are to be *allowed* to carry field glasses; these should be a portion of the regular equipment. Then, as regards the men, knapsacks ought to be altogether abolished, their place being taken by small kit-bags containing a pair of trousers, a pair of stockings, a pair of boots, and a flannel-shirt, which bag should be carried by the Control Department, the load of the soldier consisting only of a greatcoat and waterproof sheet. Even a stalwart man, when weighted with the present kit, has but a small balance left for active exertion in action, and his progress on the march is necessarily slow; how much more will this be the case with the young and weakly lads who now swarm in our army! The general who, bursting the bonds of tradition, frees his army from the knapsack, will certainly increase the fighting power of his men by at least thirty per cent. In most cases communication with the rear is now comparatively rapid and easy, marches will seldom be made continuously for more than six days at a time, and the man who cannot do without his pack for a week is out of place in the army. In the matter of tents we have also much to learn from the Prussians. They carry on war without tents, and their campaigns are, in consequence, short, sharp, and decisive. They lose men, it is true, from exposure; but far fewer than they would were the war prolonged. But tents mean a long, and perhaps an indecisive or unsuccessful, campaign; therefore we should send them to join the monster camp-kettles, the pigstails, and other relics of a blindly imitative age. We do not mean that the troops should bivouac during the coming campaign; for much sickness, without the compensating advantages which would accrue in real war, would take place; but we do urge that the troops should be repeatedly taught how to bivouac, and to construct huts from the materials at hand. The

experience would be cheaply gained at the cost of a few acres of moorland stripped of turf, or a plantation or two levelled to the ground.

The soldier's uniform also requires to be simplified. There should be but one dress for all occasions, fatigue duties being performed in the greatcoat, the cape being detached. Pipe-clay, blacking, chrome-yellow, and other cleaning materials should be handed over to gentlemen's footmen; for high polish cannot be kept up on service, and the soldier should in peace turn out only as he would when before the enemy. Much time might thus be gained for more practical work. It is not now as formerly, when we sought to find occupation for our troops analogous to the polishing the anchor on board ship. The soldier has a great deal to learn before he can be considered efficient, and the introduction of short service renders it necessary to economize his time. We were never so much impressed with the necessity of doing away with military millinery, and introducing a general reform in the matter of dress, as when, a few days ago, we beheld the inspection at Aldershot of ten regiments of Militia by the Duke of Cambridge. A heavy downfall of rain had prevailed the whole morning, and every regiment, almost without an exception, appeared when it came on the parade sodden, dirty, and slovenly. This was no fault of either officers or men, but was solely due to the nature of their clothing and accoutrements. Nor did the sight of these regiments when they marched past the Commander-in-Chief inspire us with any feelings of pride in our reserve forces. In the 2nd Surrey there were some tolerably good-looking men—good-looking, we mean, to a military eye—but the rest were mostly undersized, carried their packs as if they had been trunks, and seemed oblivious alike of touch, dressing, distance, and the proper method of carrying their arms. Here, again, no blame is to be imputed to the officers. The period of training has hitherto been absurdly short, and the public fancy having been attracted by the Volunteers, the Militia have been treated with an amount of neglect which inevitably affected their efficiency. Even at public dinners, before the comprehensive (and misapplied) phrase "Reserve Forces" was introduced, the national defences have been invariably toasted as "the Army, the Navy, and the Volunteers," the Militia and Yeomanry being completely ignored. The contrast between the Militia regiments now assembled at Aldershot and those which constituted the bulk of the force in camp some fifteen years ago was very striking. At the former period the men were decidedly superior in physique, and, as regarded most of the regiments, presented a fuller muster; while as to drill, some of them were quite equal to the average of the line. We are not sure that it is wise to place Militia regiments under canvas. The first thing for them to learn is battalion drill, and the training is not sufficiently long even for that. If active service took place, the Militiamen would cheerfully accept the hardships of camp life as a necessity, but in time of peace they grumble sorely at them. Indeed, from what has been let fall by members of the force, the inconveniences already suffered at Aldershot will probably result next year in a long list of absentees when the regiments are called out for their annual training. The main object is to render our regular army thoroughly efficient, and till every line regiment has taken part in sham campaigns, it would seem to be a misapplication of force to give our Militia a finishing before they have received a thorough elementary education. It would be better to house them during autumn manoeuvres in the barracks temporarily vacated by regular regiments.

In Prussia much practice is carried on by means of preliminary field days, which take place on the eve of the manoeuvres near the town where the force is massed, and thus even the youngest troops enter on the campaign with some knowledge of their duties. We, however, seem determined to impart no instruction, save in mechanical or brigade drill, before the army takes the field. It is only then that practical teaching is to commence, the whole of the preliminary week being wasted. At Aldershot the troops under canvas are not encamped in order of battle; in many cases the regimental tents are not pitched as laid down in the little book of regulations just published; the different arms are set down here and there without any reference to the ground most suitable for each, and the regiments composing the different brigades and divisions are scattered all over the country. Neither are outposts planted or cavalry patrols sent out, and apparently the new comers have received no instruction in spade drill. The preparations for the coming imaginary fray seem hitherto to have consisted in occasional regimental and brigade field days, and in one march out to Bagshot Heath and back.

The most important question to be solved during the approaching manoeuvres will be whether or not the Control Department is efficient. It is too early yet to attempt to speak with any confidence on that subject. Everything has hitherto gone well with that much-abused department, which seems to be as obnoxious to the British public as the Public Works Department is to the Anglo-Indian public. But the real test has not yet commenced, and for another week we must suspend our judgment. All we can say at present is, that at Aldershot it does its work satisfactorily as regards supplying a stationary army. Whether it will prove as successful when the force takes the field remains to be seen. It must be remembered that the experiment about to be made will be undertaken under the most favourable circumstances, and can therefore hardly be considered as a satisfactory test of the system as a whole. At Aldershot the department is represented by men of special talent and experience, among whom may be particularly named Deputy-Controller Robinson and Assistant-

Controllers Hozier and Stuart. They have had months to prepare for the coming campaign, and they can dispose of ten out of the twelve regular transport companies, of three auxiliary companies formed out of the Royal Artillery, and of 450 hired two-horse waggons. They further possess every advantage of good roads and several lines of railway. The system, therefore, considering the very limited area over which the manoeuvres will take place, ought not to break down. What we fear, however, is that the trial will only test the acknowledged efficiency of Messrs. Robinson, Stuart, and Hozier, not that of the system as a whole. Under any circumstances there is no doubt that there is room for great improvements. At present the transport horses are very inferior in size and strength to what they should be. The consequence is that each four-horse wagon carries only 16 cwt., whereas a wagon drawn by two London dray-horses would carry 30 cwt., the number of horses and drivers and the supply of food and forage being thus diminished by half. But a still greater reduction might be made. Owing to the nature of the system, and the quantity of cleaning and polishing required by the harness and metal, six men are told off to keep clean each wagon and its appurtenances. Of these, two are drivers, two are men who accompany the wagon, and two are spare men employed to assist in cleaning. If a loaded wagon is ordered on a long march, the two men who form part of what may be termed its permanent crew have to be sent by railway. Were two strong horses employed instead of the four weedy animals at present used, the harness made plain and all metal bronzed, one man—the driver—would suffice for each wagon. Here, as in all matters connected with the Army Corps, far too much fussing and show prevails. Its distinguishing characteristics are, indeed, trumpets and straps, and there is an unfortunate tendency to ape artillery. It should be borne in mind that, though the men of this corps might any day have to go under fire, yet it can never be viewed as a fighting body; that military discipline and forms are only means to an end, and not the end itself, which is essentially a non-combatant one. The supply branch of the corps, consisting of butchers, bakers, issuers, &c., are treated in a similar manner, the men being taken away from their proper work to perform the sword exercise. There is something positively comical in the sight of a butcher, whose business it is to slay bullocks, performing cut six smartly; or an issuer, whose duty it is to weigh out pounds of sugar, receiving instructions in the art of guarding his right leg. In the case of the Army Corps, military discipline, military organization, should only signify obedience, method, order, and a due division of labour, not accurate dressing, exact marching, or skill in arms. Not that these points need be altogether overlooked, but they should be viewed as secondary, whereas the reverse is the case at present. We can easily believe that the representatives of the Control Department at Aldershot are quite of our way of thinking, but are powerless to introduce any reform.

To return to the composition of the transport of the army of Hampshire. The number of regular companies is ten, each consisting of 16 general service waggons, 1 ambulance, and 1 forge cart, 76 draught, 15 saddle horses, and 102 men. Among these are distributed, in equal proportions, 450 two-horse hired waggons. The waggons in question are drawn by serviceable horses, driven by a man on foot, and the waggons are of the description one sees transporting furniture and cabbages in London. On the front of each cart is painted a broad arrow, a letter selected by the owner, and a number. On the left arm of each driver is attached a small brass badge, on which similar letters and numbers are engraved. There are also three artillery auxiliary transport troops, each of 200 horses and 160 officers and men. Out of the 200 horses purchased by the artillery, but for which they could not find drivers, an extra company has been formed by Captain Hozier, who has had to conduct the entire arrangements connected with transport. The total number of waggons assembled is 730, without reckoning the extra company which will be retained in camp as a reserve, and for the performance of local duties. This gives a proportion of about one wagon to every 44 men nearly, the whole force in camp consisting of some 40,000 men. With this number, however, the transport authorities declare that at a few hours' notice they could, if necessary, take the army anywhere in the United Kingdom, while, if it were as lightly equipped as a Prussian force, they would undertake to move not 40,000 but 100,000 men. Whence, then, the abandonment by Mr. Cardwell of the original Berkshire campaign? Evidently the requisite transport could be collected; the reason, therefore, must have been fear of expense. It is a pity, if such is the case, that the original plan was ever announced. Even, however, if it had been found that the expense would be considerable, it would have brought good interest in the shape of increased experience and proved efficiency, and present outlay might have saved a large future expenditure both of money and lives. One important feature, we are glad to find, has been introduced into the operations already—namely, the field telegraph, which was successfully employed last Monday on the occasion of the march out to Bagshot Heath. Another improvement is also decided on; this is the substitution of field for regimental hospitals. The old regimental medical system has proved itself to be thoroughly inefficient and extravagant, and the change has been made none too soon.

It now only remains for us to mention what little is known of the intended campaign. Two divisions were, we believe, despatched to Woolmer and Hartford Bridge Flats yesterday, the Woolmer column performing the distance in two marches. On Monday it

is believed that the first division, under Sir Hope Grant, will take the field; but its destination is not yet known. Each division will be supplied with sufficient carriage to enable it to move at will about the district. The first week will, it is said, be spent in independent divisional manoeuvres, one brigade of each division being pitted against the other. After that it is believed that the whole three divisions will be divided into two bodies, and the campaign will begin in earnest. We are happy to learn that the Duke of Cambridge will not assume any distinct command, but will act as Umpire-in-Chief, aided by Colonel Hamley and General William Napier, two as competent men as could well be found. These arrangements are, however, liable at any moment to be changed; but we trust that any alteration which takes place may be in the direction of enlarging, not curtailing, the programme; of leaving more, not less, independence to rival leaders; of eliminating, not adding to, the shams which threaten to diminish the usefulness of the campaign. The authorities may rest assured that the public will watch their acts with the most critical attention, and that the nation is very much in earnest in its desire that the autumn campaign should bear the closest possible resemblance to the stern reality of actual war.

THE ENGLISHMAN ABROAD.

IT is with something of an amusing fitness that Englishmen choose the fall of the year for their annual holiday. Autumn brings variety to man as it brings it to Nature. Its "fiery finger on the leaves" breaks up the monotonous reaches of green woodland into an exquisite medley of varied colour; its season-ticket reveals a thousand shades of temper and character in the equally monotonous masses of mankind. All the levelling influences of profession, of social habit, of daily routine are flung aside in a moment, and something of the individuality of the noble savage reappears in the tourist who prepares to tread the forests in which his forefathers ran wild. The one connexion indeed of the wanderer with his ordinary life seems to be an attitude of ostentatious opposition to it. The erudite Professor scrambles like a boy among the geysirs of Iceland. The close-shaven barrister rums over the Tyrol with a shocking hat and a beard of a month's growth. The clergyman sports a blue tie and resents any allusion to "Dearly beloved." On the other hand, the bustling matron who keeps her circle in hot water floats idly and good-humouredly along the Grand Canal. The great engineer launches paper boats on the waters of the Lake of Como. The hot Protestant lingers spell-bound beneath the nave of Cologne. For a couple of months, in fact, half England goes into masquerade, and celebrates its carnival through every glen and every city, from Spitzbergen to Timbuctoo. To find any order or arrangement in such a chaos of human eccentricity is as hard as it would be to find a system in the humours of the Corso; it is only when the fun of the crowd begins to pall on one a little that a few figures detach themselves from the crowd, and, rightly or wrongly, to pose themselves as types of their fellow-ramblers. Gradually one catches a few general characteristics which run through the mass. The national taste for bustle, for energetic obtrusiveness, for instance, is pretty universal. The first plunge of the British tourist is commonly a railway journey of a day and a half on end. It seems to him a striking display of English energy to fling himself into a carriage at Charing Cross and get his first snooze in bed at Luzern. He carries with him, too, a national determination "not to be done." His life, as he wanders from hotel to hotel, is one long warfare upon earth. He piques himself upon knowing tariffs, upon beating down guides to half-price, or denouncing innkeepers to "*Bedecker*" and the *Times*, or securing "return carriages." He scribbles his name everywhere, and leaves his opinion of the place and its accommodation in every salon. He is determined to see everything and to do everything that anybody has ever seen or done. He scrambles up mountains in mist and rain, that he may say he has been there and correct a blunder in "*Murray*." He arrives at Venice with the sights systematically arranged, and piques himself on doing his four churches before breakfast. He is always discovering new objects of interest which no guide-book mentions, exploding the fallacies of preceding travellers, advising and warning the fellow-voyagers he meets against the misrepresentations of guides and couriers. He inquires after your route, and comforts you by his assurance that you have missed the very thing best worth seeing in the whole journey. He drops in fresh from a long walking tour, and at once covers the table with letters home. His loud talk, his louder jokes, his air of self-satisfaction, all reveal his conviction that for two months or so in the year the earth is given over to the children of Britain, and that the greatest honour an Englishman can pay to the other countries of the world is to walk through them with a knapsack.

Tough, however, as he is, we are not quite sure that we do not prefer a fellow of this sort to some of his more elegant rivals. The aesthetic tourist, for instance, is the especial breed of our day. It is amusing to see how deliberately he poses himself for the holidays; what raptures autumn brings to him in its promise of a feast of beauty; how incessant his prattle becomes about the view from the Riffel or the sunsets over Monte Rosa. What he wishes to impress upon others and himself is that he is an artistic being, and that his aim is Nature. His mood in the

haunts he chooses is that of solitary meditation, of pensive silence; he withdraws from the rattle of men to lounge upon hill-sides, or stare for hours at the base of a glacier. Beauty, he tells you in familiar Wordsworthian phrase, filters gradually into him, and the more he moons and idles, the more it will filter. He has no companions but his pipe and the note-book in which he jots down little entries about the "intense blue." At evening one meets him returning with a look of ineffable content and a single bluebell. He is silent at the *table-d'hôte*. He tosses aside the papers in the salon, and tells you with a pitying smile how wonderful it is to him to see people buried in journals and politics among scenes such as this. Never was indolence raised more gracefully into a system, or coloured with more artistic hues. Nobody is angry with such a good-humoured loungeur but the real artist himself, hard-worker and man of business to the backbone, who is up with the sunrise and ready with a couple of charming sketches before our æsthetic friend, who is fonder of sunsets than of sunrises, has quitted his pillow. The feminine variety of the æsthetic tourist is a far more formidable being. She is as social as the he-species is solitary in taste. She catches unwary strangers and organizes sketching parties up in the hills, where the chief occupation of her companions consists in carrying her sketch-books and arranging her shawls. She has her canons of taste, and is down on you with a quotation from Ruskin if you admire a bit of Renaissance work. Ruskin, indeed, is her oracle; her gondola is filled with the three huge volumes of the *Stones of Venice*, and every palace is carefully looked out in their pages before she ventures to censure or admire. Art with her takes a moral turn, and as she wanders through a gallery, she drags you from "wicked" pictures, where the low tone of colour argues moral depravity, to "spiritual" works, where the spirit has happily freed itself from all incumbrances of form. She despises creature comforts, and occupies the vilest room in the *pension* because it enables her to sketch those divine hills from the window. Unfortunately her sketches never realize her ideas. It is a little disappointing when you have braved rheumatism in the chilliest of churches, or dawdled patiently for an hour on some picturesque bridge, to find that the result of all this patient attendance is the revelation of a few inches of cardboard where chaos seems struggling with some wild figures in gamboge. Still even æsthetic woman is better than the art-critic on his travels. We own to very little patience with the sneer which pronounces every Holbein a forgery, and which damns every cathedral as "a building once beautiful, but now ruined by so-called restoration."

From types like these, however, one soon plunges back into the miscellaneous mob of wanderers who spread a knowledge of Britain, and the ways of Britain, through every country of the Continent. The jocular tourist jostles against one with that peculiar fund of mirth which springs from an ignorance of every tongue and every nation but his own. To catch up a French phrase and repeat it with a knowing laugh is a jest which satisfies him for a week. It is astonishing how funny "How d'ye do?" becomes in any language but one's own. The serious tourist, on the other hand, is generally a lady who is very anxious about the consular chapels and the theological opinions of the chaplains, and whose maid carries tracts against Popery, to be thrust courteously into any hands that are civil enough to take them. It is hard to pass a holiday without coming against some of the tribe of the Barnacles; adhesive wanderers, who fix on their victim at the smallest provocation, and are not to be got rid of without a hard fight for it. You ask what is the time, you shut the window, you open your coat, and the Barnacle button-holes you in an instant. He knows your cousin, or your cousin's cousin; he is coming from the same place, or going to the same place; he is older than you, or younger than you, or of the same age with you. You are suddenly grappled by a thousand tentacles of conversation, of courtesy, of familiarity; you find your hotel settled for you, your route arranged, your bill paid for you. All personality, all individual existence, ceases till one has freed oneself by fair or foul means from the Barnacle, seeking whom he may devour. A curious class of tourists consists of the haphazard people, who never have the least notion in what part of the world they are. The geographical ignorance of the ordinary Briton comes out magnificently as soon as he is fairly over the Channel. His hopeless hunt for Cambray among the Belgian railway lists, his intense astonishment at the discovery of the Loire, his firm belief that wherever there are Alps there is Switzerland, his utter prostration at finding Prussian coinage on the Rhine, his muddle at hearing Italian spoken on French territory or French on German, all help one to understand and appreciate the merits of English education. On the other hand, education gives us one of the most formidable of his class in the statistical tourist. No item of information comes amiss to his note-book. He tabulates the rate of speed on every railway, the prices in every hotel, the number of beggars in the streets, the height of the minster, the condition of the gutters, the costume of the priesthood. He turns the salon into a witness-box, and pumps his fellow-tourists for "facts." He knows the dividend on every line, the congregation in every church, the date of every steeple, the size of every garrison, the age of every landlady. One turns with a sigh of relief from an omnivorous appetite for information like this to the single-aim tourist. It is amazing what an edge may be given to the most commonplace ramble by devoting it to a single end. The campanologist, for instance, wanders from town-to-town to minster-tower with no other aim but bells. You may see him peeping

down from high turret windows with the rooks screaming about his head, or the great boom far above tells you that he is standing triumphant in the dusty chamber where the carillons ring out at eventide, and copying the quaint old inscriptions and founders' marks on the bell-metal. We once knew a man who devoted his holidays to the examination of foreign mad-houses, and found an immense interest, year after year, in the comparative study of strait-waistcoats. There is also a race of self-dependent tourists who manage to travel comfortably from Moscow to Ispahan without knowing a word of the languages they pass through, or requiring the intervention of a single Consul. Then in strange contrast there are the luckless race of travellers who never put their head out of window without losing their hat, whose luggage seldom turns up, who with the most peaceable intentions are constantly in custody of gendarmes for offences against the law, and being rescued by bored attachés from the most loathsome dungeons. The University tourist is perhaps the most omnipresent and entertaining of all. Most of us have laughed over his eccentricities of costume, his hobbledehoy mixture of vivacity and reserve, his academical "shop," his audacious French, his contempt for regulations, his awful reverence for the heroes of the Alpine Club. He is the youngest and freshest element in the strange medley which autumn pours out on the world, but he has this merit at least, that he believes in his tour. He is not driven to the Lakes or the Rhine by sheer stress of fashion or compulsion, by the brushes of the house-painter, or the necessity of meeting Lady Runagate in the Campagna. He goes because he wants to go, and wherever he goes all is new to him. He does not yawn over sights he has seen a dozen times before, or shake hands with the landlord with a "Here we are again, you see." All is novelty and delight; an immense importance fills his bosom as he scribbles home his first note from foreign parts. We look at him with a smile as he passes us, young and excited, a little noisy perhaps, and insolent and British; but the smile is a smile of envy as well as amusement, for in the mob of wanderers he is the truest tourist of all.

THE BRITISH MOTHER TAKING ALARM.

A FEW weeks ago a noteworthy, if somewhat silly, letter appeared in the columns of one of our contemporaries which assumes to be emphatically the Lady's Newspaper, and which we will grant does supply the needs and satisfy the intellectual cravings of a large number of cultivated gentlewomen. It was from "The Mother of a Girl Graduate of 1869," complaining of the questionable tendency of some of the class-books used by the girls who go in for the Cambridge Examinations. Among them she cites Mr. John Stuart Mill's, which are "indispensable text-books in Political Economy." To these she objects for three reasons; first, because of the chapters on the "Remedies for Low Wages," which are "not such," she says, "as a girl could read with her father or brother"; secondly, because of the doctrine that the "law is justified in interfering in the case of vows for life, and that they should be dissolvable by the State at the desire of the parties concerned"—which goes against the theory of the indissolubility of marriage, and reminds her "of some of the laws lately made by the Paris Commune"; thirdly, because "opponents of Hume's arguments against miracles are refuted, without any better arguments against him being suggested"; because "the doctrine of an over-ruling Providence is derided as unscientific and superstitious"; because "the Darwinian theory is favourably noticed, and the French philosophers Comte, Laplace, and others constantly quoted, though not always agreed with." Here, then, we have certain tangible objections raised by the British matron against the wider education of girls, on the express plea of unsuitability to sex, partly because of the indelicacy included in the knowledge of human life on the side of political economy, partly because of the religious doubts likely to arise from the exercise of the logical faculty and freedom of discussion. If, then, the education of girls is to be proceeded with on anything like its present enlarged basis, the only way out of the difficulty that would meet the views of this "Mother of a Girl Graduate of 1869," and it is to be presumed of many like to her, would be to rearrange both subjects and their treatment for the express use of young ladies; to give them knowledge in a pap-bowl, the book of nature in an expurgated edition, and the milky skimmings only of the philosophy of human life, leaving the strong meat at the bottom for the robust digests of their brothers.

It would be curious to ascertain how much of the present movement among women is conscious in its direction and well-defined as to its aims; whether the shriekers and the revolvers know exactly what they mean, where they are tending, and if they will be able to accept the consequences which are not difficult to foresee; or whether they are only creating, Frankenstein-like, a monster which, when they have made it, they will not know what to do with. This stone of liberal education, including discussions on population and prostitution, the genuineness of miracles, and the evidences of Christianity, once set rolling, where is it to stop? Already we have had some kind of warning of the excesses into which the movement may lead us, in the indecent persistence of the would-be female doctors in Edinburgh, in the yet more indecent action of the excited menada who mobbed Mr. Bruce the other day, and in those queer American women who repudiate marriage as unholy, and vaunt concubinage as the

only state in which a woman is honourable and free. We confess that we share some of the British mother's anxieties, and we are not ashamed to add that, without any reference to the absolute truth or falsehood of the system, we think it better for women to be taught to respect the laws, such as they are, especially those relating to marriage and their own honour, and to be religious in the ordinary way, rather than be suffered to be lax in their views as to moral obligations, and all abroad in their ideas of God and the soul. We look with dread, and something more, on the possible spectacle of a race of mothers bringing up their daughters to regard the marriage tie as debasing, and teaching them, both by precept and example, that free love is a better kind of thing, and the state of concubine more honourable than that of wife; and for our own part we would rather steer clear of the female atheist who looks on prayer as superstition, and is muddled in her mind as to fate and free-will. The power of reasoning is so small in women that they need adventitious help; and if they have not the guidance and check of a religious conscience, it is useless to expect from them self-control on abstract principles. They do not calculate consequences, and they are reckless when they once give way; hence they are to be kept straight only through their affections, the religious sentiment, and a well-educated moral sense. And at this present time these qualities are at a dismal discount among the advanced class.

As for affection, no one who studies the present temper of women can shut his eyes to the fact that there is a decided diminution among them in reverence for parents, trust in men, and desire of children. It is the fashion among certain of them to despise men as the weaker and more contemptible sex of the two; and it is rare to find a woman, boasting herself of advanced intellectual culture, who confesses to an instinctive love for little children, or who would condescend to any of that healthy animal delight in their possession which has always been one of the most beautiful and valuable constituents of feminine nature. We fancy, too, that more looseness of principle exists about marriage and its obligations than was general some years ago; and the number of couples who live on good terms with society, and are received as man and wife though the law has never made them so, is surely on the increase. In America, where divorce is easy, by far the larger proportion who seek for this relief are women. Surely this, too, is a rope which women are spinning for their own hanging. Between rebelling against the relative subordination of sex, despising the pleasures and condemning the duties of maternity, and enjoying life without much regard to moral law, there is but a step; and when our virtuous women are all made free-thinkers and free-doers, and the feminine millennium looked for among the faithful of the advanced sect has set in, we plain folk who believe in the mutual interdependence of the sexes, but in the natural inferiority and consequent subordination of women, must look elsewhere than at home for the *tacens et placens uxor* of our dreams and desires. The advanced woman who would rather be a concubine than a wife, who objects to maternity as a sign of functional degradation, and whose highest ambition is to assume the privileges of both sexes while accepting the obligations and burdens of neither, may be a pleasant person to talk to, able to discuss smartly, if not profoundly, the best remedies for pauperism and the social effects of the redundancy of women; but we fancy we should prefer one who could tell fairy tales to a group of little children, and add up a butcher's bill with a clear understanding of averages, whose heart was sounder than her political economy, and her religion stronger than her critical faculty. We acknowledge that all this is very old-fashioned and deplorably unenlightened; but we cannot get over that one great fact of sex; and while society is constituted as it is, we do not see how it would work if Omphale took the club and lion's skin, leaving Hercules of necessity the distaff.

There is no question that affection, and the moral qualities generally, form the best part of a woman's character. To stint these for the sake of her intellectual development, which will never be worth the sacrifice, is to create a monster, and a foolish one. For, lovely and infinitely valuable as they are in their own domain, women are but feeble creatures out of it; and none even of those who have had energy and power to do anything really good have ever quite risen to the first class. Even those who have created and set agoing the new type of unwomanliness that is stalking about society are not to be measured with the men who have created new philosophies, or changed the history of humanity. The modern female reformers are no St. Pauls, no Luthers, after all; at the best they are but as minor (very minor) prophets. The very leaders that head the band fighting for the franchise, for leave to study anatomy and pathology in company with men, for leave to cease to be women though they cannot rise to be men, are in no single point the equals of well-trained men; and this is most strikingly evidenced in the way in which, with so much at stake, they cannot stick to facts nor be fettered by logic. The pamphlets they put out are all marked by the same defects—reckless assertion and illogical inference. They are things almost impossible to criticize, just as it is almost impossible to handle soap-bubbles, because of their inherent weakness and emptiness; yet we must believe them to be the productions of the best thinkers and boldest intellects among the leaders of the new movement; and, accepting them as such, we cannot say that they speak very favourably for the thought or the intellect of these leaders. The ignorance of these women as to what the movement really means, and into what practical results it will finally expand, is only to be equalled by the persistence with which

they continue in their self-appointed task; and when they have found out to what end they are toiling, and whither they are drifting, it will be too late for them to draw back and say they did not mean it. With free inquiry will come free opinions; and our belief is that the female mind is not able to bear the relaxation of the religious sentiment, and that following on free opinion will come loose action, as we find it in America. When causes have produced their natural effects, when discontent with the natural duties and assigned position of womanhood has grown out into an endeavour to assume the life of men, aping their vices, emulating their coarseness, and playing at their work—what will the more enthusiastic and the more blinded of our female zealots then think of their labours? Already some of the earliest pioneers, whom we could mention, have drawn back in alarm. They never meant *this*, they say; and they repudiate the fruits of their former teachings. This is all very well; but when we have made our bed we must lie on it; and the spirit we have evoked we must either know how to control, or become its victim or its slave.

Is it altogether a fanciful notion that the masculine proclivities assuming such large proportions among women evidence a sort of moral senility? Just as ancient hens put on secondary male attributes and try to crow—but feebly—so old women grow more like old men than they were like young ones when both were in their prime. Is it really true, then, that the world is in its dotage, and that humanity as a race is tottering to its end? And is one sign of this to be found in the modern woman who thinks she can put the world of nature on a new footing, and who imagines that to be the bad imitation of a man is better than to be the perfect embodiment of true womanhood? "Is our civilization a failure?" as "Truthful James" asks; and are the best efforts of the sex to go towards the creation of a monster which, when created, they will be able neither to utilize nor control? It is not often that the British matron says anything worth listening to; but we must accept the words of the anxious mother we have quoted as meaning a genuine and not unfounded alarm at the consequences of giving a masculine education to girls. The suggested alternative of expurgation is too absurd to be seriously discussed; so that we are forced to fall back upon the theory of giving women the education that shall best fit them for their own special duties, and for earning their bread, when they have to earn it, in the exercise and the perfecting of those duties.

IN THE STUBBLES.

THE sport of partridge-shooting rather reminds one of the savour of the bird. It wants the wild game taste that makes the charm of the grouse or the black game, the woodcock or the snipe. You don't follow the partridge over breezy mountains, among a jumble of rock and heather and magnificent prospect; or through straggling covers of natural copse and birch, hanging from the faces of precipices dipping into Highland lochs; or through thick woods watered with bubbling springs and rippling streamlets, with ears bent to hear the rush of your quarry through the rustle of the falling leaves, and eyes searching the close-set boughs for the glint of his mottled wing; or over brown bogs and through treacherous mossflow, with the quaking surface perpetually threatening to swallow you, as you bound like an acrobat from tuft to tuft of rushes. Still he may take you through a very pleasant country, whose peaceful domestic beauties are not unseasoned by the picturesque. "Partridge perpetually" is proverbially insipid; yet, like most comparatively simple things, we may persevere longer with partridge-shooting than with more exciting sports. It is bread sauce to cayenne and lemon. Grouse moors are charming in their way in the warm freshness of Scotch mid-summer; but they have their windy and their watery side, where the uncompromising savageness of the scenery evokes responsive feelings in the breast of the sportsman. Snipe bogs are sloppy in their essence, and plashing through damp stagnation mid-thigh deep, under the dripping blanket of grey drizzling skies, becomes in time depressing to the feelings. But the English low country, with all its pleasant variety, has a certain reassuring sameness as well, which is very far from disagreeable. You may never have the same keen pleasure, but you need never have the same hopeless, poignant anguish. Take it all in all, our English autumn climate is tolerably equal, and, as yet at least, it has not taken to imitating the capricious freaks of our demoralized summer. Wet days do not come much oftener than you want them, for perpetual shooting day after day becomes literally a weariness to the flesh. If you do have driving showers, they generally alternate with reviving gleams of sunshine. You live near your work, and need not compromise your day at an early hour in the morning before the day has declared for good or evil. You need make no painful mountain journey to your distant beat, only to find yourself engulfed in the centre of driving waterspouts. You need not be jolted through a howling wilderness on a rough-set car, only to seek shelter in a tumbling shebeen house, until your broken-winded pony has recruited for shambling back. You can lie on calmly when you first wake up, with something like rational confidence that the sunlight flooding your room is other than a snare and a delusion. You can rise in Christian hours to descend to a deliberate breakfast, possibly feasting your eyes as you dress on the golden stubble, where you can hear the partridges calling over their morning meal. Then, when you saunter out, you can shoot

straight away from the door, unless indeed your host has the good sense to make a sanctuary of his home farm. Of course we here assume that you are going out partridge-shooting in the good old-fashioned way; and that implies that your lines have fallen elsewhere than in a regular partridge country. We are quite aware that our remarks should have been dated at least a dozen years ago, when the flower of sportsmen still prided themselves on their kennels and the breeding of their setters and pointers. Now these serviceable antediluvian animals are as rare as bustards in the fashionable shooting districts, where you may travel through parish after parish and never see the semblance of a dog, unless it be some curly-coated, velvet-mouthed retriever. To our notions, it is putting the cart before the horse to set the dogs walking after the men instead of the men following the dogs. It is dismal to see the bloody, butcher-like way in which a Norfolk landowner shoots his highly-farmed acres. There is a long grim silent line, as carefully dressed as Prussian guards on parade at Potsdam, and looking as much like earnest business. The costumes and accoutrements are pretty nearly as uniform; every man armed with double weapons of the improved regulation pattern. The well-drilled beaters are carefully distributed through the line, looking and listening submissively for their orders from the martinet head-keeper who gives the word of command. There is no hope of consideration from that grim official, who has no idea of letting play interfere with work; who has as profound a sense of his consequence as strategist and tactician as Moltke himself; who is as rigid a disciplinarian, and as little likely to let himself be tampered with by the young aristocrat who temporarily obeys his behests. The autocrat's nominal master sets the example of humble, unreasoning obedience, and the line sets itself in motion across the light sandy soil. A slightly lazy man feels that he is mounted on the treadmill, and must grind forward for the day whether he likes it or not; a slightly nervous man shoots in fear and trembling under the critical eyes of society. The first shot is for him of course, and he misses it; he catches the steady contemptuous glare out of the keeper's terrible eye, and he forthwith misses the next one. Fortunately, after a minute or so, no one has time to think of his misses but himself; for the dropping fire rapidly develops itself into a steady roll as the guns get into the thick of the turnip-field; the air is thick with falling birds and flying feathers; while through the hare flick that goes floating over the turnip shaws, you can see the red-legs that have gone galloping away up the drills, slipping stealthily over the bank ahead of you. About the only thing to be said for walking up your game is that these genuine scarlet-runners would try the steadiest dog to the verge of canine endurance; the wary Frenchmen are so profoundly impressed with the advantage of cover, and seldom break or flush before they can help it. The bag inflates swiftly, and when you gather the harvest of death at the end of the field, and have gleaned up the winged and the wounded, you congratulate yourselves on a couple of imposing heaps of fur and feathers. Naturally, the bloody instincts of your nature gloat over the hecatombs of slain with a certain satisfaction. But after a very short time, if you search your heart, you find you have had almost enough of it. You go on walking and shooting for the sum total, but you cease to think it sport.

Very different it is with the quiet day you have from some old manor-house. A benignant Providence has left the neighbourhood in benighted darkness, and high farming is a thing unknown. No broad stretches of wheat and turnip land, bare of trees as the brown plains of the Castiles; none of those hedges cut as scrimp as a pair of trowsers by a cheap advertising artist. Except when now and again you emerge on a rising ground, and gaze out through a wooded vista on a landscape set with church spires in billows of foliage, there is no such thing as a prospect of a quarter of a mile ahead. The country goes rolling and tumbling about in gentle swelling hills and retiring dales. The copses and the little fields get so jumbled up together that there is no distinguishing them. The hedgerows in their untrained and untrimmed luxuriance are small forests in themselves; the creepers dragging and trailing about them flourish with the wild magnificence of a tropical flora; the brambles are tough as yews, and as well-grown as timber. Here and there, in the very wantonness of waste, these hedgerows run in pairs with wide grass avenues between; grass avenues all unkempt, and sinking into ditches rank with their overgrowth of weeds. These are rare breeding-grounds for the partridges, which should swarm and multiply like Egyptian fleas, were it not that they are rare breeding-grounds for the vermin as well. There is not a "keeper's tree," but a keeper's grove; and it is hung thick with gibbeted stoats and weasels and polecats, hawks and jays and magpies and carrion-crows. The number of the victims that have been made warnings and examples speaks to the abundance of the survivors; but, in spite of them all, the partridges increase and flourish. If circumstances are severe on them in one way, it is made up to them in another; for there is no possibility of marking your birds. If you did follow them up, ten to one you would find them dropped in the depths of some thicket where the leaves hang so thick that it is not worth the flushing them. What of that? If you cannot stick by the skirts of one covey, you are sure to come upon another; and when you have scattered a family, and they come out calling for each other, you light by accident on magnificent shooting in the way of broken birds. Then, of course, the squire has a wonderful kennel; his dogs have pedigrees nearly as long as his own, and their quarterings show blood of the Sefton and Beaufort strains, and heaven knows what lines of illustrious descent. He is as proud

of them as he is of his children, and with better reason perhaps; for the dogs do more credit to their education, and are incomparably better behaved. They move and fawn and bound in graceful unconsciousness of the fatal gift of personal beauty—the pointers, with their clean-cut frames of embodied life and exuberant vigour; the setters, with their limpid hazel eyes, and silken tresses feathering down to their feet. Only see them at work, and think that you were shooting but the week before with sportsmen who preferred to dispense with them. You struggle through what is meant for a gap in the hedge, although the interlacing brambles are so loth to part with your coat that the odds are you leave some shreds by way of souvenir. The dogs struggle through at your heels; although, if they had given vent to their nervous impatience, they would have already been a full parish ahead of you. You look out on a field of mangel, half lying in the cool shade of the wood, half sparkling with its load of dew-beads in the floods of sunshine. A wave of the hand and the dogs are gone, crashing their way through the leaves like elephants in a cane-break, sending the dew-drops flying behind them in golden showers. As their headlong course tends somewhat down the hill, it seems as if nothing earthly could check them in that magnificent swing. Not a bit of it. Of a sudden the foremost arrests himself, like a Derby winner stopped by enchantment as he went flying past the winning-post, while the others are backing each in his place, all trembling with jealous emulation, and yet battling down the evil passion by the help of training and instinct. Or, if you keep those more impetuous young dogs in the leashes, and slip the older and more experienced ones, what knowledge the wary veterans show of their particular world! You don't catch them plunging impulsively into the middle of things. Very far from it; they go straight to the most likely finds at once, and begin skirting the hedgerows, groping along in the ditch bottoms, and poking about over the sunny bits of bank where any family circle is likely to be taking its siesta. Your bag does not, perhaps, fill very fast. Where there is such abundance of admirable hiding-places, the birds may very well play at hide-and-seek with you, especially when a glowing noon makes the scent indifferent. But you know the birds are there; every now and then a warm place and a thick cluster of coveys give you assurance of it, and you shoot with the constant pleasure of hope, instead of the dull tameness of certainty. You have time to enjoy yourself and look about you, and the infinite variety of the landscape, and the picturesque irregularities of the farm and cottage architecture, are worth the looking at. If you choose even to linger over a view between the points, there is no one to hurry you forward; you are playing at shooting as a volunteer, instead of consenting to make yourself amenable to the rigours of martial law. In short, everything gains by the easier system, except the spit and the markets; and we confess to the selfishness of preferring our own pleasure to the profits of our neighbours.

THE GRAIAN ALPS.

AS the ancient name *Pennine* has come again into use for the main chain of the Alps extending in an unbroken line from Mont Blanc to Monte Rosa, so Mr. Ball, in his *Alpine Guide*, has revived the Roman name *Graian*, to denote another very well-marked and striking chain lying to the south of and opposite to the former. The traveller who drives down the Val d'Aosta, from Cormayeur to Aosta, knows that he has the giants of the Pennine range, Monte Velan, Combin, Collon, the Matterhorn, and finally Monte Rosa and its attendant peaks on his left, though the lowness of the trough which the Dora Baltea has scooped out, and the steepness of the nearer hills, prevent his obtaining more than an occasional glimpse of those higher mountains behind. But he in most cases is scarcely aware of the existence of a great range of mountains far exceeding the limit of perpetual snow, and of immense fields of ice, on his right. But if from Cormayeur he mounts the Cramont, for the sake of the unequalled view of Mont Blanc from a point only separated by a narrow valley from the precipices of the latter, he finds himself in a central point, with snow-clad mountains almost all round him; to the west and north the familiar forms of the Pennine Alps from the Col de Bon Homme to Monte Rosa, with the most striking glacier-fields about Mont Blanc, Mont Combin, and Monte Rosa; then to the south and south-east peaks and ice-fields before unknown, forming white masses which rival their northern neighbours in extent and magnificence. These are the Tarentaise Alps (known in ancient geography as Darantasia) and the Graian Alps. They are completely severed from the Northern Alps by the deep valleys of the Isère and the Dora Baltea; and are only connected with them by the comparatively low ridges of the Little St. Bernard and the Col de la Seigne. They might perhaps be most satisfactorily comprised under the general name of Graian Alps, especially as they are connected by a ridge (the Col d'Iseran) of more than nine thousand feet above the sea. But Mr. Ball, who is fond of subdivision, calls the district west of the upper Isère the Tarentaise, and limits the term Graian Alps to the east of the stream. It was the view of these mountains from the Cramont that inspired the present writer many years ago with a desire to explore them; a desire which has at length been partially realized.

It was necessary to resolve to do the work alone. All accounts represented the accommodation to be expected as so rare and so wretched that it was not for any but the mountaineer who could

depend on his own legs to do the work, and on his enthusiasm to bear him through the inconveniences, to attempt it. He therefore detached himself from a cheerful party who were making the tour of Mont Blanc, and who thought the lowest depth of inn-inconvenience had been realized, if not at Nant Bourant, at least at Chapin, and rushed wildly into the unknown, attended by a Chamonix guide who knew little more than himself of the district.

The first day's walk, from Bourg St. Maurice up the Val de Tignes, presented no difficulty. One who knows the climate of the Val d'Aosta and the Italian valleys generally could not but expect heat in August; and hot it was. The creatures that love the heat all came out; it was scarcely possible to walk without treading on the dusty brown lizards that darted in thousands across the road; though perhaps their astonishing rapidity saved them from a fate which their numbers seemed to render certain. The sawing cry of the cicadas and grasshoppers filled the air; butterflies, moths, and dragonflies of dazzling colours were everywhere within tempting reach, yet too vivacious in the brilliant sunlight to yield themselves a prize. The fields up this valley were either of a rich green or having a fine second crop of hay taken from them. Houses were dotted about up the hills singly, or more frequently in hamlets. Larger villages stood on the road itself. But their neighbourhood was anything but savoury; and the frowny air that surrounded every house, to say nothing of the more obvious abominations of cattle-byres, dunghills, and drains opening upon the road, proved that the traveller was among Savoyards dirtier, not only than their Swiss neighbours, but than their own people in the northern parts. The houses have generally a basement built of large stones, with a superstructure of wood; sometimes the outer walls are entirely of stone, and whitewashed, the interior divisions being of wood. The cattle, and generally the field produce, are commonly kept in separate buildings. But the crowding together of the houses in these villages is extraordinary, and quite prevents the free circulation of air which from their fine high position they might enjoy. At Sainte Foi, the first large village, there are two inns or pothouses, each having two or three uninviting beds. The red wine of the district is not to be despised, and it is possible with this and cheese to gain some refreshment; but the sourness of the bread prevents the meal from being either wholesome or palatable. A good carriage road is now carried up this valley, which is just within the bounds of Savoy, and consequently belongs to France, as far as the village of Tignes, and is being continued against severe obstacles to the still higher village of Laval, further than which it cannot be prosecuted. The road gradually mounts, and the valley becomes narrower, being bounded by wooded hills on both sides, till the higher level is reached on which stands Tignes, the chief village. Here there is an inn, kept by the mayor of the place, and standing in a more airy position than usual, in a large square. Many mountain paths unite here; and from this village, which is very beautifully situated, numerous excursions of the highest interest might be made. But the inn is not attractive, and so excursions which would make the fortune of guides and hotel-keepers in other parts of the Alps remain unexplored and unknown. After Tignes the valley becomes a striking gorge, where the Isère is heard dashing and boiling in a chasm far below, while the road-makers are endeavouring against severe difficulties and discouragements from landslips to build a carriage road on the steep and unstable mountain-side, where even the footpath is precarious. Thus the higher level is reached, where the village of Laval enjoys a climate far colder than the lower valley, and where the night must be passed, as no inn will be found higher up. The accommodation there is not worse than at Tignes, and the red wine at eighty centimes the litre is good. The beds, too, though their material is hay, are not so bad as they look; so the dark hours can be tidied over tolerably, till the daylight permits the desired escape into the pure morning air. In our case, however, the day brought clouds and rain—most unfortunately, as a high pass was to be attempted. But nothing so dreary as delay in the discomfort and among the smells of Laval could be contemplated, and time was also important. So we started in rain to see what could be done, and went on to the next hamlet—the last in the Val de Tignes—where the guide expected to find a man who would act as porter and show the way over the Col de Galèse into the Valle de Locana.

This is a high and rather difficult pass, 9,500 or 10,000 feet in height, in the range which divides Savoy from Piedmont, and France from Italy. We had come into the neighbourhood of the King of Italy's hunting-grounds, and it was one of his chasseurs who consented to accompany us, taking his rifle on his shoulder for the chance of sport on his return. We now had the end of the Val de Tignes before us. It is closed by a fine semicircle of mountains and intervening ridges, without much snow on the Tignes side. Forest trees had long been passed, and there were only pastures in front, occupied by large herds of cattle—cows, as well as sheep and goats. As the rain increased, and the clouds gathered more thickly over the mountains, our chasseur, who had preserved an ominous silence on the possibility of passing the Col, sought refuge in a hut under the shelter of a great boulder, built of large loose stones, and having the form of a beehive, where it was just possible to stand upright in the centre. One doorway, about four feet high, gave light and air to the happy possessor of this shelter—a herdsman, clad in the vilest garments, and speaking in monosyllabic grunts, which he might have learned from some of his beasts, since they could hardly be regarded as even the rudest attempts at either

French or Italian (on the borders of which languages we now stood). He was intelligible to the chasseur, but apparently hardly so to the Chamonix guide. He retained his seat, the only one in the place, and the guides had to extemporize others by supporting alpenstocks on holes in the wall. Here we spent at least two hours, while the rain poured down outside. At last the cautious chasseur consented to go on towards the pass. The ascent over grass, and latterly over large snow slopes, was not difficult. The pass turned out to be far to the left of the point where we had expected it. It was a narrow opening, like a doorway, between two mountains which rose on either side almost perpendicularly. But it was sharp as a knife-edge; once on it, you had in front a snow slope far too steep to venture on, bounded on each side by rocks that looked nearly perpendicular, and quite impracticable. But before considering the descent, we took in the mountain view in front. On the left were the sharp peaks of the Nuvole Mountains, and to the right the lofty and dazzling white cone of La Levanna; and beneath them the dark glen into which we were to descend. Immediately below, and imperfectly seen through the mist and falling snow, was a plain, intersected by streams, and containing a beautiful tarn. The chasseur was soon running over the impracticable rocks with his axe to discover the best descent. He pronounced in favour of the side which we had thought absolutely impossible; but with due caution it was found practicable, and the worst part of the descent was soon past. Then followed steep snow slopes, in which, though the glissade was dangerous, rapid walking arm in arm was possible; and so the tarn was reached, and we looked back in wonder at the height from which we had been brought down. It is unnecessary to describe the many hours of descent that followed, or the walk down the valley; it is sufficient that the inn at the baths of Ceresole, in Piedmont, was reached at dusk.

Though the Savoyard dialect of the frontier is very barbarous French, and seems to contain many Italicisms both of tone and vocabulary, yet just here the political boundary coincides strictly with the linguistic; for the Val de Tignes is clearly French, while that of Locana is Italian. But the other valleys which have their outlet to the north—Val Grisanche, Val de Rhêmes, Val Savaranche, and Val de Cogne—are French in speech, like the Val de Tignes. Even at the inn at Ceresole, the highest village in the Locana valley, French is not understood. It is, moreover, distinctly an Italian *albergo*, the superiority of which over the Savoy village *cantine* is as marked as that of a Swiss hotel over the former. Here were floors that might sometime have been washed; windows of more than a foot square; plastered and papered instead of cracked wooden walls; doors that would shut; and a *salle à manger* where a comfortable warm supper on a tablecloth could be enjoyed in company with some few fellow-creatures, instead of the savage fare laid on the uncovered table by a dirty old man, and bolted in gloomy solitude. The companions in the meal were Italians, staying here for the sake of the mineral waters. To the *monde* thus attracted hither it is doubtless due that this inn is so superior to all the others in the Graian Alps.

The next day was fortunately brilliantly fine, and the clouds that at first hung over the higher mountains were gradually dispersed. For more than two hours we had to retrace our steps up the valley. In the bright morning light we saw the beauties which the hanging clouds and rain had before concealed. The course of the Orco is here a prolonged series of grand cascades and rapids among great boulders of rock, and of confinement at an awful depth below the path between high rocky walls, with overhanging rowan-bushes and elders; and the steep forest-clad mountain-sides send down frequent cascades of great beauty into the gulf. Boulders are spread abroad everywhere—over the mountain-sides and in the bottom of the valley, as we advance to its upper end, where it is more open. Here, just as we come in view of the *cul-de-sac* whence we descended yesterday, we are bidden to take the right-hand way, which is a tolerable bridle-path that can be traced winding up the mountain-side to a great height. The view widens as we rise; the valley is seen *à vue d'oiseau*, and its upper plateau with the tarn is again disclosed; new peaks become visible over the range that bounds the valley; but until the very last turning, where it mounts a steep promontory of rock, we are left in pleasing uncertainty where the path will penetrate the mountain-ridge and find a way over the pass of the Croix de Nivolet into the Val Savaranche. At the summit a magnificent panorama was unrolled, exhibiting on the east and close at hand the extensive ice-fields of the Nuvole mountains, and to the west and south the dazzling white masses of the great cone of the Levanna with its attendant glaciers, the fine rock and ice forms of the peaks adjoining the Col de Galèse, and to the north-east the first glimpse we had of that wonderful cone like a southern Matterhorn, the Grivola. The summit is not a single point, but a rocky plateau of some extent, not buried in snow, but enlivened by the brilliant colours of Alpine plants. The descent is easy, bringing one first to an upper stage of the valley, grassy but covered with stones and *débris*, immediately under the glaciers and great snow slopes. Here we came to one of the King of Italy's hunting-grounds. A row of neat, new-looking wooden cottages without any upper story supply night accommodation for himself and his friends, while a similar row is devoted to his horses. He climbs the mountain behind to just below the glacier, whence he can well describe and take aim at the dark figures of the chamois which are driven down by a cordon of chasseurs to the glacier from the higher parts of the mountain. Thus the

battue system employed in England and Scotland, and sometimes denounced by writers who have held up to admiration as the nobler art Victor Emmanuel's practice of seeking out the animals in their native wilds, is actually in use here also. But it must be borne in mind that the habits of the game render this necessary here; no king, be he young or old, could get at the chamois without this help, unless he spent his life among them, and gained the desperate courage and security of tread among the wildest precipices only to be found in the professional chasseurs. There is, after all, all the difference in the world between the prince who sallies forth from the royal comfort of a Balmoral to pop at frightened deer in a forest at a few yards' distance, and returns after "good sport" to the same comfort again, and him who endures the bitter cold of an Alpine hut some fifteen feet square for days and nights, it may be of the most pitiless storms, for the joy of climbing over wet grass, stones, and snow, to point his trembling rifle at animals appearing a quarter of a mile above him, and leading him often in actual chase into dangerous positions. The pass of the Croix de Nivolet has been made a bridle-path especially for the King's use in approaching this hunting station.

Lower down, the Val Savaranche becomes a magnificent gorge, with fine pine forests on both sides, and high peaks frequently visible above the near hills. The villages are picturesquely placed high up the sides of the valley. At the chief one, called Val Savaranche, we stopped for the night, in a house to which all that we have said above applies pre-eminently. We afterwards learned that the curé does not object to receive travellers, and that his accommodation is superior.

We started the following morning to go by the Col de Cogne, otherwise Col de Lauzon, eastwards to Cogne. This pass, about which Mr. Ball has no precise information, is, like the last, a "King's road," and therefore converted into a bridle-path, though of a very unstable nature in some parts. It ascends steeply the side of the valley, and ultimately reaches a dip in the great rocky barrier of which the northern end is the Grivola and the southern the Grand Paradis and the Nuvolet Mountains. The Grand Paradis has a height of about 13,300 feet; and this magnificent mountain, all pure white like the Weisshorn, forms the chief near feature of the view. The view into the valley in front was not less enticing. The descent was tolerably steep and rapid; and when the bottom of the valley was reached and Cogne appeared in sight, it looked (as it is) one of the loveliest spots in the Alps. The ascent of this pass occupied four and a-half hours; the descent three. Cogne has two inns, and is the only place in the Graian Alps to which English travellers (including ladies) penetrate. But these inns are like the rest, spread over with a superficial brush of civilization which leaves the dirt beneath untouched. The Grivola is to Cogne what Mont Blanc is to Chamonix and Cormayeur, the Matterhorn to Zermatt, the Jungfrau to Lauterbrunnen and the Wengernalp. Besides that, the valleys at the junction of which it stands are exquisitely beautiful, and the Becca di Nona and Mount Emilius command magnificent, perhaps unsurpassed, views. Nothing is needed to cause this lovely village to be appreciated and resorted to by mountaineers, artists, and the travelling public generally, but the establishment of a large and well-conducted hotel and pension, such as seem to succeed in the Alpine region wherever they are tried. From Cogne the Val d'Aosta and the ordinary track of tourists is easily reached, either by the mule road down its exquisite valley, or by a pass not reaching into the snow region, but commanding magnificent views of the Grivola, the Grand Paradis and other Graian mountains behind, and of the range of Pennine Alps in front.

THE AMERICAN LYCEUM.

AMONG the peculiarities of American life which nobody born out of the country can be expected to understand, is the strange fondness of a lively and intelligent people for Lyceums and Pie. Against pie there has at last been a revolt. This sacred dish has been denounced both in the press and from the platform as nasty and unwholesome. The Union has survived the impious attack on a national institution, but there is reason to fear that the consumption of this horrible delicacy has not as yet been materially diminished by the abuse which has been lavished on it. It is something, however, that its supremacy should have been challenged and its merits thrown open to discussion. A morbid appetite is always the most difficult to eradicate, and it is evident that the American passion for pie must be left to die out gradually, along with its unhappy victims. The Lyceum system has also, it appears, been somewhat shaken of late. While the host of lecturers has multiplied in all directions, audiences have been gradually dwindling away. There are laments that even the most thrilling course of lectures, with plenty of "stars," and with patriotic and comic subjects well mixed together, will hardly draw now. A frivolous and dissipated generation is turning away from the solemn and edifying recreations of its ancestors. Young America, arrived at years of discretion, shuns the Lyceums, while younger America, yet in his teens and under domestic rule, attends these dismal rites only under protest. Among some useful hints which have lately been published for reviving the declining popularity of Lyceum lectures, great importance is attached to having "ushers enough to prevent the boys in the back seats from making the slightest disturbance." This bodes ill

for the future. Theatres, operas, and concerts are cutting out the demure and decorous lecture-hall. The desperate nature of the case may be gathered from the strong measures recommended by a practical man as necessary to give a course of lectures any chance of success. "Advertise it thoroughly," he says. "Ask the clergy to announce it from their pulpits. Ask the editors to call attention to it in their local columns. Ask the teachers to speak about it in their schools." The Lyceums, he admits, are infested with charlatans, and the only way to deal with them is "by passing resolutions expressing emphatic dissatisfaction with them, and reprobating by name the persons and papers that endorsed them; and by publishing these in the local journals." The evil will then evaporate, "like malarial mist before a sunburst." It strikes one that it will hardly tempt good men to come forward if they are to be exposed to the risk of being publicly placarded as humbugs and impostors in the event of their addresses happening to be not exactly to the taste of the local secretary or committee, and that the law of libel in the United States must be very different from what it is in this country if such a course of reprobation can be freely indulged in with impunity. Another rule is, always to suspect a new "star" whose praises are suddenly in all the papers. "Merit always wins its way—sometimes rapidly, but never splurgingly." The gentleman who favours us with this startling contribution to the English language is, in his own way, such a purist that he apologises to the proprietors of aesthetic Boston for "the blunt Saxon words" in which he formulates another piece of advice—"Don't give too much pork for the shilling." Better, he holds, two, three, or four great lectures in a course than "a long leash of cheap howls." But if New York has fallen away from the Lyceums, Boston has stood steadfast; and the reason in each case is, we are assured, the same. New York lacks a "business man of brains," and this is Boston's good fortune already to possess. When we add that the writer of this elegant and candid effusion is a general agent for Lyceum lectures, the point of his argument will perhaps be better understood. His ideal of a good lecture is that it must be eloquent, and his conception of eloquence may perhaps be gathered from his own chaste and brilliant style of composition. For "solid information" he has an undisguised contempt. It appears that in a country blessed with that compendium of universal knowledge, the "American Cyclopædia," "it is an impertinence to attempt to 'instruct' an audience unless you can do it pleasantly or eloquently."

The fact that the Lyceums still maintain their footing in New England and Pennsylvania, while struggling for existence in New York and the more bustling, worldly parts of the country, helps to explain one reason of their popularity with a certain class of people. Many persons in America, as well as among ourselves, have religious scruples about patronizing the theatre, while they have a keen relish for the dramatic excitement which the stage supplies. They are anxious to indulge this taste without violating their principles, and the Lyceum—or, as we should call it, Mechanics' Institute, or Literary and Scientific Institution—offers a convenient compromise. It is not a theatre, there is no wicked scenery, no demoralizing drop-curtain, no Satanic row of foot-lights. The most pious "professor," the strictest deacon or minister, might attend constantly without the slightest scandal. The entertainment is conventionally assumed to be intellectual, not sensual; it is intended to elevate the mind and brace the morals. This was the original idea of our own Mechanics' Institutes. They were to furnish improving lectures on literature and science, with occasional doses of sound moral truth; but we all know what happened. What has been profanely called the high moral dodge did not answer in a pecuniary sense. A pretence of being particularly improving and instructive is still kept up, but the entertainments are arranged in direct competition with the theatre and the music-hall. The scientific lecture is little more than a pyrotechnic display, with a running commentary of jokes; literature is represented by dramatic recitations; while the "moral course" is stretched to include every kind of performance, from a patter monologue interspersed with comic songs, to a regular stage-play, with changes of costume, wigs, false-noses, and other theatrical accessories. Many good people are thus enabled to indulge in dramatic dissipation with an easy conscience, just as others justify their forenoon "nips" or "nightcap" potations on a theory of medicinal restoration. Drinking is a vice, but everybody is bound to take care of his health. The entertainments at the Mechanics' Institutes and similar places throughout the country are now, to all intents and purposes, of just the same character as those of the music-hall, which in its turn apes the theatre as nearly as the law allows, the only distinction being that the former may perhaps be allowed to carry off the palm for silliness and imbecility. The useful "penny readings" in country districts have, of course, a *raison d'être* of their own, which places them in a different category. The American Lyceums seem to be pursued by a similar fate to that which has overtaken the kindred establishments in this country. The practical manager whom we quoted above asserts that people do not want to be instructed. They want to be amused; and it is quite clear that it is the sort of amusement that is derived from histrionic exercises for which they chiefly crave. "We want more," the same authority observes, "from a man or woman than books can give—the living voice, at least electric with enthusiasm or earnestness; we want speakers, not lecture-readers." But it is evident that a man who delivers the same lecture over and over again is not a speaker, but an actor. There is nothing an American relishes so much as a good rousing speech. It does not much

matter what it is about, or whether the speaker understands his subject, as long as he stirs up the audience with a perfunctory rush of words. There is a curious contrast between the calm, careful judgment of Americans in all practical matters and their proneness to this kind of excitement. The fact is that they enjoy the excitement as a thing by itself. They do not go to a lecture or public meeting to be instructed or to form their opinions, but to be thrilled by a screaming oration, with plenty of hot, strong language in it. The negro described his love of liquor as "drinky for drinky, not drinky for dry." Americans are addicted to oratorical stimulants in the same way. It is simply a form of dissipation, and it is dissipation of exactly the same kind as that of the theatre. Wendell Phillips, or "Josh Billings," is expected to play a part as if it were Macbeth or Falstaff. On the whole, it is a wholesome sign that the Americans are gradually deserting the Lyceum for the theatre. It is dangerous to confuse histrionic excitements with the actual business of real life.

A glance at the list of lectures offered to managers of Lyceums for the next season, in the circular of one of the agents, shows at once that the whole class of entertainments is drifting in the direction of dramatic performances. A large and growing proportion of the so-called lectures are not really lectures at all, but dramatic monologues. Mr. De Cordova, for example, tells stories such as "Mrs. Smith's Surprise Party," "The Spratts at Saratoga" (just as our own comic men would enact the "Jenkinses at Margate"), and "Miss Jones's Wedding: an Oil Story, in Verse." The Rev. E. Hall recites tales of his own composition, one of which is announced as "never published." Mrs. Lotty Hough was formerly an actress, and goes through a little play called "Popping the Question." The Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby—for the credit of the cloth, it is fair to say, this is an assumed name and character—gets sport of a peculiar American kind out of a "Search for the Man of Sin." Mr. George Marden delivers "Humorous Poem-Lectures." Then come the regular readers, the ventriloquists, Geological and Anthropological Exhibitors, "Baritone Humourists," &c. In one of his early papers Artemus Ward waxed indignant at the popular lecturers who were cutting out the show business—"individuals who cram themselves with his soundin' frazz, frizzle up their hare, git trusted for a soot of black close, and cum out to lecture at fifty dollars a pop." Professional jealousy accounted for this acrimony, but Artemus might now easily find a place in the Lyceums for his "sagashus beests and moral wax statoots of celebrated piruts and murderers." The eagerness of Americans for personal acquaintance with public men of all kinds has also a good deal to do with such popularity as still attends the Lyceums. It is significant that, in the newspaper extracts given in the circular before us, the personal appearance of the lecturer is usually described with some minuteness, as if it were the most interesting part of the show. Thus we are informed that Mr. Parton is of a tall spare figure, and wears glasses and white choker; his hair is thick and black, and so are his whiskers. He has a sober expression of countenance, with an occasional twinkle of the eye. Colonel George Marden, the spouter of "comic poem-lectures," is a young man of medium height, portly figure, light complexion, and broad face. "Josh Billings" is a poetical-looking gentleman, with a student stoop in his broad shoulders. One of the most remarkable figures in what is gracefully called "the menagerie of the lions of the lecture-room" is the "Hon. Wm. Parsons (of Ireland)." Mr. Parsons, we are informed, belongs to the ancient house of Parsons, Earls of Rosse. He graduated at Edinburgh under Professor Wilson and the "erudite Pillans"; he entered for the English Bar, and was engaged on one of the leading metropolitan newspapers—in what capacity is not stated—but, following the natural bent of his genius, devoted himself to "the lecture platform of Great Britain and Ireland." The Reform League, we are assured, considered him their most effective speaker, and "always placed him where they anticipated the strongest opposition to their views." Mr. Bright once declared his eloquence to be electrifying, and he was asked to stand for a Yorkshire borough. It would seem that we had a great man among us without knowing it. It is some consolation to hear that in New York he is received as "a type of the vitality of the old country." It is rather invidious that the writer of this description of the menagerie should single out "the urbane and vivacious Parsons" as distinguished by "his spotless linen." Mrs. Livermore, the recognised leader of the Woman's Rights movement in New England, is represented as "warm-hearted, whole-souled," "a large well-proportioned lady of fifty summers." "She has not a grey hair," notes one almost too minute reporter, who must have carried a strong magnifying glass, "as far as we could discover." Her "dress is plain and womanly, her manner stylish and becoming." "Physically and intellectually," exclaims another enraptured admirer, "she is a model"; but afterwards he intimates that he "cannot in some instances accept her statement of facts or recognise her deductions as logical"—two trifling drawbacks to intellectual perfection. It is announced that Mrs. Livermore and General James A. Hall of Maine have arranged for a series of oratorical sparring-matches before Lyceums on the Woman Suffrage question. This, we are assured, will be a real debate, not a mere presentation of opposite opinions. On the whole, a perusal of this programme of the Lyceums certainly does not tend to give one an elevated idea of the general culture or intellectual vigour of people who, with all the advantages of national education, can be amused by such trashy entertainments.

REVIEWS.

CHRISTIE'S LIFE OF SHAFTESBURY.*

(Second Notice.)

IN our former notice of this book we gave some account of its general object, and set forth how far its author seemed to us to have accomplished that object. The first occasion on which Mr. Christie has to take up his part as an apologist does not perhaps involve any very serious charge. At the beginning of the Civil War, Cooper, still a very young man, took arms on the side of the King. After a while he changed sides, and acted on behalf of the Parliament. If this had been the only time that he changed sides, it would most likely not have been remembered to his special discredit. In such doubtful and difficult times it is rather to be wondered at that men did not change sides oftener than they did, and Cooper at least did not, like Sir Faithful Fortescue, choose the middle of a battle as the moment to go over to the enemy. It is somewhat singular that, though he held both military and civil commands under the Parliament, and acted as their High Sheriff of Wiltshire, he not only was not allowed, as we have already said, to take his seat for Downton, but was not fully absolved from the penalties of delinquency till 1653. In the execution of the King he had no share, but he had no scruple against acknowledging or taking office under any of the Governments which successively arose; that is to say, Cooper's political conscience was much on a level with the ecclesiastical conscience of the most respectable people a hundred years earlier. His first appearance as a legislator took place in the Assembly which was nicknamed Barebones' Parliament. He sat in Cromwell's first Parliament, he was a member of his Council of State, and was said, when the Instrument of Government was under discussion, to have been one of those who favoured the plan of making Cromwell King instead of Protector. Yet in the later days of Oliver's Protectorate he went into strong opposition, and in the days of Richard we find him making many violent speeches in the debates on the Other House, in which the memory of his late Highness was treated with very little respect indeed. After the fall of Richard Cromwell, at the first restoration of the Rump, Cooper still failed to obtain his long-contested seat for Downton. Yet he was chosen one of the Council of State elected by that body, and he strove earnestly for its restoration when it was again dispersed by Lambert. It was on this second restoration of the Rump in 1660 that Cooper at last took his seat by virtue of his election twenty years before. During all this time he was suspected of Royalist intrigues; there seems to have been no ground for the suspicion, but its existence ought to be noticed. Men were doubtless already watching Cooper's course; they had already learned that, change as he might, the ruling principle of his changes was not the instability of Reuben but the discerning counsel of Achitophel.

Cooper next appears in the Convention Parliament of 1660 as a member of an earlier "cabal" than the more famous one with which his name has become inseparably annexed—namely, a "Presbyterian cabal," containing many of the most respectable names of twenty years earlier, whose object was to restore Charles upon conditions. Mr. Christie here stops to refute a tale about a plot for making Monk himself King, which Cooper was said to have thwarted. But, when Monk had made the unconditional restoration of Charles a necessity, Cooper did not scruple to act as one of the Commissioners sent by the Houses to invite Charles from Breda, a commission in which he had Fairfax and Holles among his colleagues.

Now in all this there is something which does not command our respect. A man of really high principle does not change quite so often nor adapt himself quite so readily to one revolution after another. We cannot look on Cooper as deserving our esteem like those unflinching Royalists and unflinching Republicans who were ready to give up everything for the cause which they held right. And, if we rightly understand Mr. Christie, though he tries to put the best face he can on each of Cooper's successive changes, he does not ask us to put him on a level with the real heroes of either side. The question is not whether he was a man of unusual political honesty, but whether he was something unusual, or rather monstrous, the other way. The first charge which is brought against Cooper to prove his extraordinary wickedness is that he sat on the trial of the regicides, after having, according to Mrs. Hutchinson, protested in very strong language that no harm should be done to them. Now, as Mr. Christie says, it is plain that, if Cooper, in his own person, promised indemnity to the regicides, he promised what he had no means of fulfilling. We naturally suspect some exaggeration in Mrs. Hutchinson's words. Putting this aside, the question as to Cooper's conduct in taking a part in the trial of men with whom, up to a certain point, he had himself acted, is very like all the other questions which we have to discuss. It was an act from which a man of special scrupulousness would doubtless have abstained; but the question is whether it was necessarily an act of special villany. Cooper simply did what others in the same position as himself did. Men who had fought for the Parliament against the King, but who had had no share in putting the King to death, seem in no case to have felt any scruple about the matter. The only distinction that can be

* *A Life of Anthony Ashley Cooper, First Earl of Shaftesbury. 1621-1683.* By W. D. Christie, M.A. 2 vols. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1871.

drawn is that, while Manchester, Roberts, and others had only fought for the Parliament against the King, Cooper, like Monk, had held office under the Protector. We certainly cannot see that this makes any very great difference as to Cooper's conduct. And though Cooper took a part in the trials of the regicides, he appears to have done what he could in Parliament to make the number of victims as small as possible. People are now too much in the habit of dividing all the men of those times into two strongly marked classes, just as they are apt to do during the religious revolutions a century earlier. All who opposed the royal cause at any stage are popularly confused together; a state of mind which finds its expression in that class of local myths in which all that was done in opposition to either Charles, from Edgehill to Worcester, is set down as being the personal work of Cromwell. The men who had taken arms against the despotism of Charles, but who had had no hand in bringing him to the block—that is to say, the whole party called Presbyterian—did not look upon themselves as rebels or enemies of the old Constitution of England. There was therefore nothing to hinder them from taking a part in the punishment of what they, as well as the strict Royalists, looked on as a crime. Cooper must be counted as belonging to the party, except so far as his position was altered by the fact of his having served under Cromwell. The position was an awkward one, and one from which a man of delicate feeling would gladly have escaped. That Cooper was not a man of delicate feeling in these matters is perfectly plain; but the question is not whether he was a man of delicate feeling, but whether he was a monster of wickedness.

At the coronation of Charles the Second Cooper was raised to the peerage by the title which his maternal grandfather designed for him, that of Lord Ashley. His first important office was that of Chancellor of the Exchequer, an office which our modern Parliamentary habits make it hard to think of as being held by a peer. In this part of his story one great business of Mr. Christie is to grapple with the strange misrepresentations of Lord Campbell. Of Lord Campbell's regard to accuracy we may judge from one specimen somewhat later. When Cooper, then Earl of Shaftesbury, was Lord Chancellor, he appeared in Court in an ash-coloured gown, instead of the Chancellor's usual dress. This Mr. Christie explains by the suggestion that Shaftesbury, not being a lawyer, did not appear in a lawyer's costume. That Roger North turned this to Shaftesbury's discredit is not wonderful, but Lord Campbell greatly improves on his authority. North says that he "appeared more like an University nobleman than an High Chancellor of England." Lord Campbell, professing to quote North, and putting his words within inverted commas, heightens this into "a rakish young University nobleman." So again, Lord Campbell, wishing to fix on Shaftesbury a charge of private licentiousness for which there seems no ground whatever, changes the story of a retort exchanged between Charles and his Minister into such a shape as to suit his own purpose. Charles is made to say, "Shaftesbury, you are the wickedest dog"—or in another version, "the greatest rogue—in England." Shaftesbury answers, "Of a subject, sir, I think I am." Lord Campbell gives the story quite another form, and makes the King say, "Shaftesbury, you are the most profligate man in my dominions." When people quote in this sort of way it really does not much matter what kind of statements they make in their own name, but we do feel with Mr. Christie that it is a little hard to sneer at Ashley when Chancellor of the Exchequer simply because he paid attention to the duties of his office. The passage with Mr. Christie's comments is worth quoting:—

Lord Ashley had now thrown himself, heart and soul, with all the ardour of his nature, into administrative duties. His latest biographer, Lord Campbell, unable now to taunt him with turbulence, ridicules him for diligence and regularity in public business. "After the Restoration," says Lord Campbell, "his conduct for the next seven years seems wholly inexplicable, for he remained quite regular, and seemingly contented. He had a little excitement by sitting as a Judge on the trial of the regicides, and joining in the sentence of some of his old associates. These trials being over, he seemed to sink down into a Treasury drudge." The duties of a Chancellor of the Exchequer two hundred years ago may not have been so numerous and arduous as now; but the office was a high office of state, and the station of Privy Councillor was one of greater responsibility and dignity than it is in the present day. To speak contemptuously of Shaftesbury as a mere Treasury drudge, because, with brilliant talents, he was a laborious Chancellor of the Exchequer, is unworthy of a serious biographer.

We now come to the share of Ashley in the famous Cabal. We have already said that that word has in modern ears an uglier sound than it had at the time. Mr. Christie remarks that "the many unhappy memories of the Dutch war of 1672 have led it to be thought that a name given in playfulness was originally intended as a reproach, and the disagreeable meaning which the word *cabal* has subsequently acquired has doubtless in turn aggravated the bad repute of all the five Ministers who signed the treaty of French alliance." He goes on to mention that the Committee of Foreign Affairs, then known as the Cabal and which we should now call the Cabinet, never consisted only of the five whose initial letters made up the word, and that those five never acted so closely together as the name leads modern readers to think. As for the particular doings of those times, it strikes us that Mr. Christie is sometimes successful in his attempt to defend Ashley, and sometimes not. He has, we think, made it clear that Ashley had nothing to do with the rascally business called the Stop or Shutting-up of the Exchequer, but that he strongly opposed it when it was proposed by Clifford. This Mr. Christie clearly makes out from several papers of the time, including a letter a little later

from Ashley (then Shaftesbury) himself to Locke. Locke, it should be remembered, was an intimate friend and constant correspondent of Shaftesbury's for the last twenty years of his life, a fact which certainly tells somewhat in Shaftesbury's favour. As for the Declaration of Indulgence, there is no doubt that Ashley promoted it. It has been generally assumed that he supported it as an indulgence to the Roman Catholics, and it is made one of the charges against him that, having done this, he afterwards joined for his own ends in persecuting them. But Mr. Christie labours, and it would seem with success, to show that it was not as an indulgence to the Roman Catholics, but as an indulgence to the Protestant Dissenters, that Ashley supported the Declaration, just as he had nine years before supported in Parliament a Bill for the same object brought in by the old Presbyterian leader Lord Roberts. With regard to foreign policy, the character of Ashley is less easy to clear. There is no need to show that he had nothing to do with the infamous secret treaties with France, and that all that he did was done in ignorance that such treaties were in being. But it is impossible to acquit him of a large share in the avowed alliance with France and in stirring up war against the United Provinces. Whatever else Shaftesbury did or did not do, he was ready to sacrifice a kindred commonwealth, one of the chief bulwarks of freedom and Protestantism in Europe.

Presently came Ashley's advancement to the earldom by the title of which he is best known, and his appointment to the post of Lord Chancellor. The appointment of one who was not a professional lawyer was in those days already strange enough to be wondered at, but not, as it would be now, so strange as to be impossible. It was not so many years since Bishop Williams had been Lord Keeper. Yet it is not wonderful if such a step awakened both ridicule and serious criticism, and it naturally set the lawyers against the new Chancellor. The procession on horseback in which Mr. Justice Twisden got upset was just the sort of thing to set unfriendly tongues going, but Mr. Christie shows there was really nothing so very wonderful in it, and that the practice had been disused for only a few years. But that the Chancellorship of Shaftesbury was the brightest part of his career we have the evidence of the bitterest of his accusers.

"The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge," is the summing up of the splendid panegyric which Dryden inserted into the satire which has perhaps done more than anything else to make the name of Shaftesbury hateful. It is in vain that Lord Campbell tries to lessen the value of this testimony seemingly on the ground that Dryden was no more a lawyer than Shaftesbury, and could be no judge, as he puts it, "as to the propriety of an order or decree in equity." But surely men who are no judges of decrees in equity may still know what the general demeanour and general reputation of a Judge is. Without presuming to follow him in the knotty points of the law, they may know what in those days was very important to know, whether the Chancellor perverts the law in favour of the Crown, and whether he takes bribes for his own private enrichment. Such a panegyric as Dryden has given us of Shaftesbury's Chancellorship shows that public opinion judged of him so favourably in that character that the invective which charged him with every villany in other ways was obliged to admit his merits in that great office. In fact, it proves something more. The man who made such a Chancellor as Dryden describes cannot possibly have been such a villain as he makes him in other respects.

We have hardly space to follow Mr. Christie to the end of Shaftesbury's career. Mr. Christie has to fight with Lord Campbell to the very last, and to contradict some strange stories as to Shaftesbury's reception in Holland when he fled from England in his last days. In the stormy scenes of his later years it should not be forgotten that he was the confederate of Lord Russell, and that he possessed the private friendship of both Russell and his wife. Altogether we must congratulate Mr. Christie on having thrown a new light on an important part of our history, and on setting forth a view which, if it is not made out in every detail, is certainly convincing on many points, and is worthy of careful consideration on all. The mere narrative is sometimes a little confused, and we have had to look forwards and backwards in the story oftener than we could have wished. That Mr. Christie is sometimes a little too eager to defend the man whose cause he has taken in hand, is almost the necessary consequence of taking service as a biographer. Without pledging ourselves to every one of his arguments, we can at least say that his defence of Shaftesbury is not a mere paradox, but a piece of serious reasoning. No one probably who reads through the book will think exactly the same of its subject as he did at the beginning.

NASMITH'S PRACTICAL LINGUIST.*

THE old-fashioned belief that, in order to acquire knowledge of a foreign language, the pupil should begin by committing to memory the rules of grammar and repeating them in parrot-like fashion, has long lost its hold on the popular mind. So also has the reactionary scheme, in accordance with which whole pages of literal translation were forced unmastered down the pupil's throat, without any grammatical teaching whatever. The ancient "*Propria que maribus*," and the more modern "Hamiltonian system," as the

* *The Practical Linguist; being a System based entirely upon Natural Principles of Learning to Speak, Read, and Write the German Language.* By David Nasmith. London: Nutt. 1870.

Extreme Right and the Extreme Left, have both given way to a Liberal Conservatism, which may fairly be associated with the name of Ollendorff. More unpleasant works than those composed by Ollendorff himself, or published after his model, it would be difficult to conceive, and the best disciples of the master will be those who, substantially accepting his theory, treat his special application of it with the most profound indifference. This theory is that grammar should be taught piecemeal, and that each rule, as soon as mastered, should be practically applied. As the exercises advance they ought to increase in complexity, the arrival at each successive stage being marked by the introduction of a new rule. Knowledge of the vocabulary, and familiarity with the structure of a language, are thus gradually and simultaneously attained, provided that the book of the instructor fully answers its purpose. Pronouncing on the specimens of the theory with which we are acquainted, we should say that Ollendorff himself was too slow, being given to teach repeatedly what has been already taught, and that the Rev. T. K. Arnold is too rapid, being over-desirous to hurry his pupil from the familiar to the new. The chief anxiety of the former is to impress the vocabulary on the memory of the student, and he therefore thinks that the same word cannot be too often reiterated; whereas the latter chiefly looks to the inculcation of grammatical rules, and thinks that enough has been done when these have been adequately illustrated. It should not be forgotten, however, that the Ollendorffian books, strictly so called, are large, while Arnold's are comparatively small.

That the Ollendorff system affords any introduction to the study of philology in the higher sense of the word, save by the supply of a certain quantity of raw material, no man in his senses can suppose. Possibly in the case of a language like the Sanscrit, which in the eyes of Mr. Monier Williams seems, in its present form, almost to exist for the sake of its grammar, it would be altogether useless. But where a practical familiarity with the routine of a particular language is to be attained, without reference to any further object, there is no doubt that the Ollendorff system answers its purpose better than any of the methods that were adopted before the time of its introduction into common use.

Now one of the truths that are especially inculcated on the mind of the Ollendorffian student is this; that there are certain words in a language without which it is impossible to get on at all, and that there are others which whole families for many generations have certainly never used. If, for instance, the suffrage were confined to persons in the habit of talking about their "idiosyncrasy," we should have a stern oligarchy, compared with which the old Republic of Venice would have been the government of a mob. Among the indispensable words the verb denoting possession at present holds a high place, though perhaps, if Communism prevails, its currency may become comparatively limited. Hence in the earliest chapters of Ollendorff we find "to have," conjugated with its various persons, and its use is illustrated by its association with substantives denoting common necessities of life, as for instance, "I have bread, soup, paper," &c. The pupil is soon familiarized with the use of the negative particle, and is thus enabled to declare that he has not these desirable articles. Human nature is satirized by the fact that the verb "to give" does not make its appearance till long afterwards. Probably if Rochefoucauld had been a teacher of the system, he would have introduced this verb in the imperative mood.

The distinction between common and uncommon expressions, practically rather than theoretically enforced by Ollendorff, sank deeply into the consciousness of Mr. Nasmith, and in order to estimate words at their "numerical value," that is to say, by the frequency of their recurrence, he employed an ingenious process. He had ascertained that those who make the most rapid progress in the acquisition of languages cannot, when infants, make use of grammars, which are indeed used only to a small extent by adults; that languages may be acquired correctly without any knowledge of grammar, not only through residence in the countries where they are spoken, but through the medium of foreign nurses; and that consequently the course pursued by the infant, the nurse, and the waiter is better adapted to attain its end than that followed by the "collegiate student." In a word, the natural way of learning languages is that of the infant, who becomes familiar with his native tongue through intercourse with native adults.

It would seem from this that the best way to acquire a knowledge of German is to mix with Germans, and all we have to do is to visit Fatherland if we can, or hire a German *bonne*. Not at all; perfection is not yet reached; for the student who simply clings to the dictates of nature, superior as he may be to the "collegiate student," is still without the aid of principles and science, and is in the position thus pathetically described by Mr. Nasmith:—

Nature's student sits as the suppliant by the wayside; he receives what he can get, he has to take from whomsoever he may be who is disposed to give, and in one respect he is worse off than the beggar, for he lacks the knowledge which would enable him to reject the impure. His ear is constantly assailed by a burst of sounds which he cannot comprehend; his mind is bewildered by a flood of words which he cannot retain; yet he waits, and at length he notices that the words are different, that some of them are often repeated, and with these he grows familiar; still he watches, and he finds that of these some refer to things that he knows and wants, and he tries if he can make the sound, and if the sound that he can make tells others what he wants.

This being the deplorable condition of "Nature's student," we regret that Mr. Nasmith has not depicted with equal eloquence that of the "collegiate student," which is so much more miserable;

but has contented himself with the position of a Dante who could write a "Purgatorio" without a preceding "Inferno." Henceforth, however, the sufferer by the wayside will abandon his mendicancy, for Mr. Nasmith relieves him with the wealth acquired by the process which we will now explain. Satisfied that the object of primary importance was to ascertain the "numerical value" of words, he employed a clerk some years ago to count out all the words contained in five different books of the most dissimilar characters, one being a large book of dialogues. All the words, having been duly ticked off, were placed in their numerical order, the word of most frequent recurrence at the head; and the result proved that whereas some words had a numerical value of upwards of one thousand, others fell to below five. Neither we nor, we suspect, any of our readers can presume to break a lance with a zealous student whose unfortunate clerk was employed in the manner described; but we must own that we are less surprised by the difference than by the comparative proximity of his values. We should have thought that the ratio of the "numerical value" of "and" or "the" to that of "hydrocephalus" was much greater than that of a thousand to one.

When he had studied the vocabulary obtained through the assistance of the devoted clerk, the important fact was revealed to Mr. Nasmith that the vocabulary of every language may be divided into two distinct branches, which he respectively designates the "permanent" and the "auxiliary"; the latter being moreover divided into a number of distinct groups, the group and not the individual word determining the numerical value. To illustrate his principle of division, Mr. Nasmith cites the words "and," "of," "have," "bread," "coat," and "chisel," and shrewdly remarks that whereas it is impossible for a person to speak consecutively and intelligibly, for even a few seconds, without the first three of these, we can readily conceive it possible for a man not to use the word "chisel" once in a whole year. The word "bread" will be serviceable whenever the meal-table is the engrossing object of our thoughts, and a male specimen of humanity can scarcely dress for the day, or, as Mr. Nasmith sagely adds, "adapt himself to a change of temperature," without talking or thinking about a "coat." The bread, the coat, and the chisel having been thus ranged in proper order, we are to associate other articles of food with the first, other portions of dress with the second, other tools with the third. "Food," declares Mr. Nasmith, "would come before raiment, and raiment before the carpenter's chest," and, according to this principle, he constructs a specimen auxiliary vocabulary, in nine divisions, ranged with reference to their "numerical value," and respectively headed the "Meal-table," "Dress," "Times, Seasons, &c.," "Money," "Furniture," "Parts of the Body," "Relations," and "Common Miscellaneous Objects."

Bearing in mind the absurd system on which old-fashioned vocabularies are constructed, and in accordance with which the pupil learns the name of every celestial phenomenon before he bestows a thought on bread and cheese, we began to read Mr. Nasmith's lucubrations with interest. The discovery that a man, who is not a carpenter, calls for bread much oftener than for a chisel, may not be very recondite, but still obvious truths are too often neglected, and he who can turn them to new uses is clearly a benefactor to his species. Moreover, some curious information might be contained in a huge vocabulary of the kind made by Mr. Nasmith's clerk. One would like to know with tolerable precision the line of demarcation at which common parlance ends and technicality begins. What is the least known animal among those the knowledge of which does not belong exclusively to the professed geologist? How much of machinery is familiar to those who are not engineers? Is the employment of theological words in works not written expressly for religious or anti-religious purposes frequent or otherwise? These are questions to which we fancied Mr. Nasmith and his clerk might have given proximately correct answers, earning a reputation akin to that of those old-world Hebrews who counted the number of words in the Bible, ascertained which word is in the middle, and so on, with a view to prevent corruptions of the text. But, alas! whatever materials for wisdom may be massed together in the clerk's big book, Mr. Nasmith has dropped into a fallacy which but too clearly shows that he has not known how to turn his rare treasures to profitable account. The fatal mistake of arranging, not his words, but his groups in the order of "numerical value" has been to him a stumbling-block and a snare. Because we talk of bread and coats oftener than of chisels, all articles of food are to take precedence of all mechanical tools, and we are to consider that "whitebait" is an essential to our language, when measured against such superfluous luxuries as "saw" and "hammer." Mr. Nasmith's "auxiliary vocabulary" is indeed only a specimen, framed for use in connexion with certain exercises in the German language, and the student is recommended to construct others for himself; but his principle, it appears to us, either means nothing at all, or it involves the wonderful doctrine that the name of every possible comestible holds in some way a higher rank or value than any name applicable to any other class of objects.

We have, however, one consolation in our disappointment. Turning to the "permanent vocabulary," which consists of words essential *par excellence*, we are inclined to believe that the result of the clerk's labour is not so very valuable, and are thus spared the mortification of believing that a valuable treasure is hidden somewhere, to which access is needlessly debarred. The reader of course expects to find in this same "permanent" vocabulary

those words only which are requisite for the formation of sentences—that is to say, the auxiliary and other very common verbs, the conjunctions, the prepositions, a certain number of adverbs and adjectives, and so on. These are to be found indeed, and we have little to complain of when we find that the first section of the permanent vocabulary is composed of such absolute necessities as “and—the—somewhat—something—some—sometimes—some—where—be—become—have,” &c., though, it should be observed, for the use of the verbs the student is referred to complete paradigms, printed at the beginning of the whole work. It is by the wealth of the latter part of the permanent vocabulary that we are amazed. We shall hardly be believed when we state that on the permanent list stand “subscription,” “Moorish,” “predestination,” and “South-Sea-mania.” Fancy a severe statistical investigation into the relative “numerical value” of words, resulting in the discovery that “South-Sea-mania” or any equivalent can belong to the vocabulary of any language in the world. We are told that one of the five works used by Mr. Nasmith’s clerk was a large book of dialogues. What, in the name of wonder, were the other four?

The leading idea of Mr. Nasmith’s system is really not so bad. His object was to impress on his reader’s mind the necessity of mastering the indispensable words and forms of a language before he troubled his head with exceptional expressions; and the suggestion that the student should construct additional “auxiliary vocabularies” for himself induces us to believe that the fact that the “numerical value” of many words is subject to variation by the various wants of different persons has not escaped his notice. The recondite “chisel,” and even the more abstruse “centre-bit,” would stand much higher in the vocabulary of an Englishman who studied German that he might work as a carpenter at Berlin, than they would in that of one whose aim was the study of German philosophy. But all that is good in Mr. Nasmith’s plan is utterly swamped by the badness of his execution. His theory and practice stand to each other like the architect and destroyer of Diana’s Temple, and, as in the case of that unfortunate edifice, it is the destructive agent that makes the deepest impression on the memory.

The exercises which, by means of the two vocabularies, are to be translated from English into German, may be compared to those of Ollendorff, and the order of their sequence is much more rational than that which appears in the classification of words. A short accidence, with which the book commences, and which shows that Mr. Nasmith has still much of the old school about him, is tolerably complete, and the paradigms of substantives and adjectives are printed with the inflexional terminations in a larger type than the roots, so as easily to catch the eye of the student. Mr. Nasmith calls attention to this peculiarity by stating that the uninflected portion of the word is printed in “Roman,” apparently not aware that “Roman” refers not to the size of a letter, but to its form.

We must not take leave of a book which, with all its imperfections, is extremely diverting, without noticing a theory propounded by Mr. Nasmith, which is entirely independent of his theory of vocabularies. In passing from our own vernacular to that of the Fatherland, he thinks it wholesome not to proceed *per saltum*, but to glide gently through a somewhat dense medium, to which he gives the name of “Anglicized German.” His view can be more clearly conveyed by example than by description. The following is a portion of an exercise to be ultimately rendered into German:—

One of the favourites of Henry, Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry V., having been indicted for some misdemeanour, was condemned, notwithstanding all the interest he could make in his favour. The Prince was so incensed at the issue of the trial that he struck the judge.

Now, here is the above translated into that Anglicized German to which Mr. Nasmith attaches so much importance:—

One of the Favourites of Henry, Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry of the Fifth, was any of one Offence for before Court placed and notwithstanding of all Influence, which he to his Favours employ could, condemned become. The Prince became on the Result of the Trial so irritated, that he the Judge struck.

Any one who is in a position to appreciate this exquisite passage will see at a glance that it is composed of English words arranged according to the German rule of construction, even the German use of capitals being indicated. On the value of the theory thus illustrated we shall not pronounce an opinion. When in our youth we studied the Delphin editions of the Latin classics, we had, we recollect, a certain “interpretation,” which warned us that before we translated our text we ought to convert it into bad Latin, and there may be minds to whom the study of a jargon which it would be complimentary to call bad English facilitates the acquisition of a foreign tongue. As a matter of fact, if we wanted to turn “Of the good man” into German, we should at once say, “Des guten Mannes”; but if any one else prefers on his road to the goal to say, “Of-the of-good of-Man,” we do not feel that we have any right to baulk his inclination. Nevertheless we take leave to protest against an injunction printed on a slip of green paper loosely inserted between the leaves of the *Practical Linguist*, and conveying to the student advice not given in the book itself:—“When wearied with other work read as much of Anglicized German as possible.” So runs Mr. Nasmith’s eighth supplementary commandment, and to us it appears cruelly oppressive. If the professor of natural principles can find a handful of eccentric persons whose Teutonic studies are

aided by a mastery over “Anglicized German,” well and good, but the condition of the British subject who made “Henry of the Fifth, who the Judge struck,” the companion of his leisure hours, would be deplorable indeed.

THE KEMBLES.*

IT is no easy task to write the life of an actor; for, unlike other artists, he leaves behind him no memorial of his powers except contemporary opinion, often biased by favour or by envy, or tradition growing fainter with lapse of time. It is indeed the “hard condition twin-born with greatness,” on the stage to become, when the actor quits it, “indistinct as water is in water.” Off the stage, with rare exceptions, players are very average people; some of them are taking thought for the morrow; others think the good or evil of the day sufficient for it; in neither case do they leave much of anything worth recording. *Magni nominis umbræ* alike are they, from Burbage to the Kembles. The recollections of Edmund Kean are with every year becoming more and more indistinct; and soon Macready’s *Virginius* and *Lear* will be as a tale that is told. The flashes of genius, the tones, looks, and gestures that once electrified multitudes, are

All perishable; like the electric fire,
They strike the frame, and as they strike expire;
Incense too pure a bodied flame to bear,
Its perfume charms the sense, then blends in air.

Amid such difficulties, not to fail may be accounted success in works like the one now to be noticed. For new “*Lives of Mrs. Siddons and her Brother*” there was certainly room. Than Campbell’s life of the former nothing can be worse except his *Life of Petrarch*; than Boaden’s life of the brother nothing less satisfactory, unless it be that of the sister. To improve on such records was no very arduous task; and Mr. Fitzgerald has enjoyed the double benefit of profiting by their authors’ defects, and by their personal opportunities of knowing the Kembles on and off the stage. Perhaps the present record could not have fallen into better hands. Mr. Fitzgerald has a tolerable acquaintance with the annals of the stage; still better, he respects the actor’s calling. He borrows liberally, but with judgment; he arranges his materials skilfully. The credit he justly earned by his “*Life of Garrick*,” indeed, he impaired by a feeble and foolish book on the “*Principles of Comedy*,” in which he showed that, if collecting and stringing together facts was his forte, criticism on dramatic literature was his foible. The “*Lives of the Kembles*,” however, may reinstate him in the credit he gained by his account of Garrick; both are useful contributions to our *Biographia Dramatica*. The first chapter, entitled “*The Strollers*,” is amusing enough, but not always consistent; since on one page we are told that “the haughty Kemble eyes must have often turned away uncomfortable from what in the last century was the most complete and fatal leveller of theatrical dignity and self-respect”; and in another that “John and Stephen Kemble were fond of recalling the grotesque incidents of their early probation.” Now the latter statement is true, the former a fancy of the writer’s. He might have added that Mrs. Siddons also was never better pleased than when recounting the shifts and vicissitudes of a time when she was actress of all-work, and passed from some wretched country playhouse to some yet more wretched barn. Marvellous, indeed, were the devices to which players who, like those in *Hamlet*, “travelled” were put in the last century. Walter Whiter, a distinguished scholar, and, though not of the regular fraternity, one of the best among Shakespeare commentators, was a native of Warwick, and well acquainted with Roger Kemble and his wife Sarah. At that time, though there were bills of the play for the use of spectators, posters and theatrical wall-literature generally were unknown. It was reserved for a later generation to invent proclamations of the size of a large tablecloth, and to attract notice and coin by dazzling colours and dropsical notes of admiration. Even the sandwich system, now so common and so inconvenient to street passengers, was unknown to our forefathers. The players in the morning, as equestrians do now, perambulated the town, preceded by a trumpeter and a standard-bearer, on whose banner was announced the evening’s performance. Whiter, a schoolboy then, had often seen a slim, dark-eyed, beautiful girl, some twelve years old, dressed in white and spangled attire, the long train of which was borne by a dark-eyed handsome boy, a little younger, clad in black velvet. The stately manager and his troupe followed, dressed “in character.” The girl was Sarah, the boy was John Philip Kemble.

Roger Kemble, though possessing little book learning himself, took care that his son John should not lack it. He was a Roman Catholic, his wife a Protestant, and, by a common and convenient arrangement then and since, their sons were brought up in the faith of Rome, and their daughters were taught to renounce the Pope and all his works, and, if they did not stray into some unauthorised sheepfold, to belief in the infallibility of “bishops and curates.” It does not appear that Stephen Kemble was thought worth training in grammar or orthodoxy. John, however, who was more promising, after three years spent at a Catholic seminary in his own country, was sent to the English College at Douai, where he picked up a fair stock of Latin, and perhaps, from Missals and other

* *The Kembles: an Account of the Kemble Family, including the Lives of Mrs. Siddons and her Brother, John Philip Kemble.* By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A. 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1871.

curious and pious books, laid the foundation of his taste for black-letter literature. His Latin he never allowed to rust. Virgil usually accompanied him even to his dressing-room, and sometimes also upon the stage. Once, while playing Young Mirabel in *The Inconstant*, a little volume dropped out of his breast-pocket upon the boards. "That," said an enlightened spectator in the gallery, "that is Black Jack's Virgil." Linguistic proclivities were indeed in the Kemble blood, and to an extent of which their latest biographer is unaware. He says, indeed, that John Kemble wrote and printed a good deal; but what he printed was far from being all that he wrote. For his own uses, he drew up from such poor materials as the time afforded an Anglo-Saxon grammar—still extant in a ruled copybook, and most clerkly written in a fine Italian hand—and also commenced and made some progress with a comparative vocabulary of the Teutonic languages. Charles Kemble, after he retired from the stage, relieved his enforced leisure by teaching himself Greek. We add, for Mr. Fitzgerald's benefit, in case his volumes should go into a second edition, that John Mitchell Kemble, the eldest son of Charles, had not merely "a respectable reputation among savans" as a philologist, but was accounted one of the foremost Teutonic scholars and archaeologists in Europe. The account of the younger branches of the Kemble family in the second of these volumes requires careful revision. It is meagre, and at times inaccurate.

Both in his "Life of Garrick" and in that of Mrs. Siddons, Mr. Fitzgerald vindicates Roscius from the charge of envy or jealousy. Bobadil he surrendered to Woodward, Lord Ogleby to King. "Did this in Caesar seem ambition" to stand alone? And as to Mrs. Siddons, Garrick took pains to ensure her a favourable reception. She failed on her first coming out on the London boards, not from the manager's fears or jealousy, but because she was inexperienced, imperfectly trained, and constitutionally timid—no unusual causes of failure in a young lady in her twenty-third year—and, though trained almost from her infancy in stage business, matched and mated only with such celebrities as country theatres afford. Her voice, too, did not fill the larger space of a metropolitan theatre. Even supposing Garrick to have been jealous, what room was there in 1775 for indulging in that evil mood? On the tragedy side of Garrick stood Mrs. Yates; on the comedy side Mrs. Abington. "The table's full," the manager might have said. "Stately and beautiful as this young woman is, harmonious in voice, graceful in action, and full of promise, what can I do with or for her just now? Yates and Abington have each their line, and both of them tempers, and to put this novice into any of their business would be tantamount to unchaining Eurys and Notus." It is to be hoped that this "skimble-scamble stuff" about Garrick's jealousy is now buried deeper than ever plummet sounded. It may appear strange to say that Mrs. Siddons even at twenty-two was inexperienced, when it is recollected that she had been trained almost from her cradle by her father Roger, a sound actor, and by her mother, who transmitted to all her children beauty and to three of them her gifts in tragedy or comedy. But setting the larger theatres aside, education for the stage a hundred years ago was neither a speedy nor an easy process. Even country audiences required more of performers than London audiences require now. Now, many candidates for public favour, provided only they have good lungs or good legs, jump on the stage with little more than a few weeks' probation, and are favourably noticed in the morning papers. But in the days when Kemble and his sister appeared, a severe apprenticeship had to be passed through. Even rural spectators required genuine goods for their money. Most of this toil is now nearly obsolete, because it has become nearly useless. In plays now popular, and which run for at least threescore nights, very few of the characters demand study. Just or musical delivery of dialogue would be tedious to hearers on the watch for puns; grace in movement would be thrown away on the applauders of "breakdowns." Little chance now has an actor of improving himself by good counsel, when nearly every new piece is greeted with panegyric by the "dramatic critics" of the daily papers, and when the scenery far more than the play reimburses "enterprising managers."

The play chosen for Mrs. Siddons's second and successful experiment was Southerne's *Fatal Marriage*, and the selection was not unhappy. "It is," says Mr. Fitzgerald, "a fine though ponderous drama, full of gusts of passion and the very deepest tragedy. For our day it would be considered almost too lugubrious; yet, in pieces of the kind, however disagreeable, there is a terrible reality and interest which fascinate." As respects "pieces of the kind," it is remarkable how much was made of them by real artists. In the declamatory *Grecian Daughter*, the power of the performers to infuse into rhetorical verse genuine passion is yet more conspicuous. Probably few read now either Southerne's or Murphy's play—at least not more than once—and yet dramas which, with actors of this day, would either clear the house or make the spectators fancy themselves at afternoon service when a junior curate was in the pulpit, in those days kept them not merely wide awake, but sent them home weeping to their beds. That the part of Isabella was well suited to the new actress rests upon universal assent and unquestionable vouchers. Fortunate in another respect were actors, whether candidates for favour or established in fame, in 1782. The reporters for the press were then conversant with the laws that regulate dramatic art and representation. They were chary of praise, and, when they awarded it, did so on ground solid and sincere. They were, we may think, liberal in blame; but

their censure or their commendation was intelligible; and the actor was the better for both.

The constitutional nervousness which clung to Mrs. Siddons throughout her professional life as tenaciously as sea-sickness did to Lord Nelson was natural at a crisis on which fame and fortune depended, for even Bath and York might have wavered in their allegiance to a twice dethroned Queen of Tragedy. As she found herself on the stage of Drury Lane—then a little plot of ground in comparison with its present area—she felt, and she said:—

"The awful consciousness that one is the sole object of attention to that immense space, lined as it were with human intellect from top to bottom, and all around—it may be imagined, but can never be described, and by me can never be forgotten."

She had no need [says her biographer] to be apprehensive. It was one continued triumph. As the pathetic piece moved on there was that one centre figure taking enthralled possession of the audience. The tenderness and exquisite sweetness of her tones went to every heart, the agony of suffering and grief thrilled all present. At times she had all men's eyes suffused with tears, and many women in actual hysterics. Towards the last act there was scarcely a speech of hers but what was interrupted by tumultuous and passionate bursts of applause, until the whole house seemed swept away in transport. From that moment her success was assured.

There have been few such "first nights" on the English, if indeed on any stage. The only recorded counterparts of this memorable October evening in 1782 are Garrick's in 1741, and Edmund Kean's in 1814. Mrs. Siddons's own description of the scene shows that she deserved such a triumph. There is a modest surprise in its tone, evincing her fitness to bear all honours that could be heaped upon her; and though the surprise passed away, the accompanying diffidence in herself did not, since to the very last a new part cost her anxious days and sleepless nights; and what is yet more extraordinary, an approaching performance of Lady Macbeth always "murdered sleep" beforehand:—

"I reached my own quiet fireside on retiring from the scene of reiterated shouts and plaudits. I was half dead; and my joy and thankfulness were of too solemn and overpowering a nature to admit of words, or even tears. My father, my husband, and myself sat down to a frugal neat supper, in a silence uninterrupted, except by exclamations of gladness from Mr. Siddons. My father enjoyed his refreshments; but occasionally stopped short and, laying down his knife and fork, lifting up his venerable face and throwing back his silver hair, gave way to tears of happiness. We soon parted for the night; and I, worn out with continually broken rest and laborious exertion, after an hour's retrospection [who can conceive the intenseness of that reverie?] fell into a sweet and profound sleep, which lasted to the middle of the next day. I arose alert in mind and body."

One omen of success is too striking to be omitted:—

At one of the rehearsals an incident occurred which, though trifling enough, must have afforded her infinite encouragement. Her little boy, who was to be her little child in the piece, was so affected by her acting that he took the whole for reality, and burst into the most passionate flood of tears, thinking he was about to lose his mother. This satisfactory proof of effect deeply impressed the actors and managers, and Sheridan [to whom nothing was sacred] had the story conveyed to friendly newspapers.

It may be worth noticing that Mrs. Siddons, during her first season, when every fresh character was for her a fresh triumph, and when she was the acknowledged queen of the tragic stage, was not entrusted with a single Shakspearian heroine. The characters she performed between the 10th of October, 1781, and the 5th of the following June, when the winter theatres at that time closed, were Isabella, Belvidera, Euphrasia, Calista, and Zara. Indeed, for that period of eight months only six Shakspearian plays were performed at Drury Lane, and no one of them comprised Lady Macbeth, Queen Katherine, Volunnia, Hermione, Portia, or Desdemona. Yet it was a generation that wrote and talked much of him—

Whom you and every playhouse bill
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will—

for it was the time when Farmer, Steevens and Company were doing something for Shakspeare's, and a good deal for their own, honour and glory. The theatrical world said then, as now, in its heart, Let us honour the national poet with our tongues, but keep him off the boards. Mr. Pepys was perhaps right. He had been reading *Othello*, "but, Lord, having lately read the *Adventures of Five Hours*, *Othello* seemed but a mean thing." For ourselves, we prefer such honest avowals as those of Samuel Pepys's and George the Third's to all the lip-service now tendered to the "divine and matchless."

We now pass on to the first appearance of John Philip Kemble, whose success eventually proved nearly as important to his sister as to himself, since it furnished her with more opportunities than ordinary managers would have afforded for representations of the highest order. Kemble as manager made many mistakes, and Mr. Fitzgerald has duly recorded them, and indeed he never writes with so much spirit as when he can find fault. His "Life of Garrick" was apparently a more congenial subject to him than his "Lives of the Kembles." To them he is often a "good-natured friend." Yet David made many mistakes, and sometimes preferred a gaudy and noisy novelty to *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*. Garrick, however, and Kemble, were both truly loyal to Shakspeare—so far as regards the keeping his plays before the public—not, however, so loyal as Mr. Macready was since they both played adulterated versions of his tragic drama. Mr. Fitzgerald, in his account of John Kemble's first appearance in London, in *Hamlet*, enumerates several of the spectators on this occasion who were connected with the press. "We never saw," said the reporter for the *Herald*, "a veteran make more of stage tricks than this young performer." Woodfall, of the *Morning Chronicle*, an austere judge—of whom "Garrick could eve

be sure"—was there in his customary seat, in the front row of the pit. The *Morning Post* was represented by the muscular Parson Bate—"theatre-goer, bruiser, duellist, dramatic critic—anything but the clergyman, which he was by title at least." Another parson, Este, was present on the part of the *Public Advertiser*, who was famous for trying public performers by the standard of his own personal likes or dislikes. But the biographer has not given us a very striking account of Kemble's *début* in London, written by Conversation Sharpe to Henderson. We extract a portion of it:—

I went, as I promised, to see the new Hamlet, whose provincial fame had excited your curiosity as well as mine.

There has not been such a first appearance since yours; yet Nature, though she has been bountiful to him in figure and feature, has denied him a voice—of course he could not exemplify his own directions for the players to "speak the speech trippingly on the tongue," and now and then he was as deliberate in his delivery as if he had been reading prayers and had waited for the response.

He is a very handsome man, almost tall and almost large, with features of a sensible, but fixed and tragic cast; his action is graceful, though somewhat formal, which you will find it hard to believe, yet it is true. Very careful study appears in all he says and all he does; but there is more singularity and ingenuity than simplicity and fire. Upon the whole, he strikes me rather as a finished French performer than as a varied and vigorous English actor, and it is plain he will succeed better in heroic than in natural and passionate tragedy. Excepting in serious parts, I suppose he will never put on the sock. You have been so long without a "brother near the throne," that it will perhaps benefit you to be obliged to bestir yourself in Hamlet, Macbeth, Lord Townley, and Maskwell; but in Lear, Richard, Falstaff, and Benedict you have nothing to fear, notwithstanding the known fickleness of the public and its love of novelty.

In one particular Mr. Sharpe is inaccurate. Kemble on his first night omitted the instructions to the players, upon the modest principle that he must first be admitted a master in the faculty before he presumed to censure the faults of others. So the remark on "trippingly on the tongue" is a mistake. Kemble, however, restored the "instructions" as soon as he found himself established in public favour, but that was some time after the date of the letter to Henderson. With regard to Henderson, we wonder where Mr. Percy Fitzgerald found it recorded that "he never touched the heart of the town; that he was a mannerist; that the idea of his being a rival to Garrick arose chiefly from the partisanship of the time," or that "his powers seem to have been overrated." Some voucher should be produced for such an assertion. All credible testimony, so far as we have had the means of knowing, goes to the contrary. Neither are we content with the account of Kemble's Hamlet. As Mr. Fitzgerald is by no means sparing of the scissors in other chapters, he might fairly have extracted Boaden's good and particular description of this performance.

We must content ourselves with noticing the introduction of Mrs. Siddons and her brother to London audiences. Their path was found, though it was not always a smooth one. It differed, however, so little from that of other artists, famous in old or recent times, that Mr. Fitzgerald may be left to record the adventures of the sister and brother. If he has added little really new to the "Lives of the Kembles," he has at least imparted some fresh interest to the narrative of them.

THE MEMBER FOR PARIS.*

AS a rule, it is with considerable diffidence that one ventures to raise the veil with which an anonymous author pleases to cover himself, or to hazard an opinion on a question of identity where it is so easy to be misled. Yet we are much mistaken if we do not recognise in "*Trois Étoiles*" a writer whose sparkling French sketches have often delighted us in the *Cornhill Magazine* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It is possible that more Englishmen than one possess the special knowledge required to write the sketches and the novel. But it would be a miracle, rather than a coincidence, if a couple of men had the knowledge backed by the humour, the sarcasm, and the power of shrewd observation. Viewed as a mere novel, *The Member for Paris* can scarcely perhaps be pronounced an absolute success. The plot is of the slightest, and the story ends with disappointing and inartistic abruptness just when the interest warms, and the author had abundance of material to prolong it for a couple of volumes. But it is something better than a mere novel; the treatment is as original as the subject, and if the author plagiarizes, it is from himself, or at least from the productions with which we have ventured to credit him on the strength of internal evidence. There is force and freshness in the way he works the vein he has opened. The interest never flags, and incidents simple and natural in themselves never run to monotony. The consistency of the fictitious characters argues them to be careful studies, although there is no appearance of effort or painful elaboration. The time is the palmy days of the Second Empire, when Cæsar was supreme, and centralization carried to its perfection; when as yet an obsequious Chamber registered with practical unanimity the decrees presented by irresponsible Ministers, and when all the Opposition could do was to protest at its peril in the press or at the Bar, or to sting the autocrat with an occasional epigram. The story embraces a picture of the Paris of the day, taken in its political and social aspects, and it is easy to imagine how happily it lends itself to sarcastic

description. Description indeed is the author's forte, and one fault we have to find with him is that he is somewhat sparing of his dialogue. We regret it the more because he shines in dialogue too, and people of all classes sustain their respective characters to perfection. Whether it is a group of provincial shopkeepers or farmers discussing local matters at a country *table-d'hôte*, or an Imperial Minister whispering shady State secrets in the ear of one of the initiated, the graphic realism of the scenes and sentiments is irresistibly borne in upon you. We need hardly remark that it is no easy matter for any one who is not born to the gift to make the Frenchman embody himself in his own conversation. The author of *The Member for Paris* does it by not overdoing it. He does not rely for his effects on the comparatively vulgar expedient of idioms ostentatiously French, seasoned with characteristic ejaculations. On the contrary, he translates freely into the language which an Englishman of parallel station might be supposed to employ. But then he strains the whole through a distinctly French medium, and throws in a touch here and there that gives the whole its vivid local colouring. A writer of his peculiar turn could hardly have lighted on a field where his talent might disport itself to more advantage. For a cynical vein may run riot in the wealth of unparalleled contrasts offered to the Asmodeus who could look behind the scenes of the Imperial régime. We have the magnificence of a Solomon, the imposing statecraft of an Achiophel, the superb luxury of a Sardanapalus, supported by intrigue worthy of a Scapin, and a policy that reminds one of that of the Veiled Prophet. We have a system of mingled seduction and menace that must pervert the principle of any needy and able man with a spark of ambition or a taste for the sensual. The Empire had its good points, abuse it as we may now that its vices have ruined it; but political immorality was the essential condition of its existence, social debasement its natural consequence. It lived from hand to mouth in an atmosphere of venality and corruption, for its leading partisans farmed out the interests and safety of the country as the reward of their support. Yet even in its prime never had an opposition of character and principle an easier part to play, so far as obtaining the moral victory went. An ostentatiously disinterested career was the most damaging attack that could be made on existing men and institutions. Never had a daring censor in the press or at the Bar a shorter cut to a great popular reputation. He had only to risk fine and imprisonment in the one case, to avail himself of the privilege of his gown in the other; and an eloquent speech or a telling article elevated him into a popular idol. Episodical romances were matters of such everyday occurrence that men actually came to regard as prosaic an age when brilliant transformations from insignificance to celebrity were as common as in fairy tales. How much tragedy mingled with spectacle, how the world of France was hurrying to a sensational *dénouement*, the events of the past year may demonstrate.

It is on this stage that "*Trois Étoiles*" launches his hero, or rather heroes. They are a pair of brothers, sons of Manuel Gerold, an old Republican, an ex-Minister in one of the Republican interludes, now living in voluntary exile at Brussels. Manuel Gerold returns to his native country to make a party with his sons to visit a superb château. As the young men admire its splendour he explains to them that the château is his, and its reversion theirs, with domains returning an income of a million of francs as well and the title of a duke. Manuel had succeeded to the property of a brother who, with the money of a millionaire wife, had redeemed estates confiscated at the Revolution. This money had the taint of slavery upon it, for the heiress's father had been a West Indian proprietor, and from a conscientious scruple the Republican declines to inherit. With the enthusiasm of youth, both sons insist upon ratifying their father's sacrifice for themselves and their heirs. Gerold the elder, although an enthusiast, is neither a fanatic nor a fool. Delighted with his sons' behaviour, he nevertheless declines to accept as final a decision dictated by impulse. He insists upon nothing being considered definite until four years have elapsed. At the expiration of this period they may enter on possession of their estates, or convey them away for charitable purposes. The two Gerolds proceed to Paris on a modest allowance, enter themselves at the Bar, and take rooms in the Quartier Latin, and Horace, the elder, becomes henceforth the hero of the story. Émile, the second, is not intended to excite much interest, because his character is plainly fixed beyond the power of incidental influences to shake it, and his career marked out beforehand. He has inherited the austere virtue of his father, wears his Republican mantle, and treads in his footsteps. With Horace it is very different. He is equally honourable at heart, and never takes a false step until he has convinced his conscience beforehand by ingenious sophistry. But he is ambitious and excitable. He loves the world for its own sake, and lays himself open to the blandishments of men in power, and the subtle designs of intriguers. He is impressionable, and indulges himself in a love affair that causes the bitterness of his life; he mistakes a caprice for love, and marries in haste to repent at leisure. He stumbles against an evil genius, in the shape of an able and unscrupulous financier who sets his heart on making a tool of the rising young man for his own advantage—on persuading him to resume the family title, and enter into possession of the family rent-roll. On the progress of this intrigue the story turns. Horace Gerold goes through all the changing phases of Parisian life. He leaps into fame by a brilliant defence in a notorious press prosecution. He fights a

* *The Member for Paris. A Tale of the Second Empire.* By "*Trois Étoiles*" 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1871.

desperate duel with a noted duellist on a Government journal, and kills his man; he enters the corps of journalists; he makes a name on the press; he stands for one of the Arrondissements, and enters the Legislative Body as a representative of Paris, and the sole Liberal member. The consequence is that we are presented to conspicuous men of every class. Many of them conceal their individuality under feigned names, altered too slightly to be intended for serious disguise, although, even had the portraits not been labelled, there would have been seldom much difficulty in recognising the likeness. For example, we have M. Gribaud, Minister of State, and Imperial Cæsar's *alter ego*. We have Macrobo, the self-made millionaire, founder and chairman of the *Crédit Parisien*, who gives entertainments so sumptuous that even Paris stares and talks, and who lavishes with the indifference of a Monte Christo the money which he sacrifices honour and principle to obtain. We are let into the secrets of the lucky Company that no sooner bought houses than they were demolished to make way for new railroads, or waste land than it was utilized for Government buildings, or ships than they were chartered on Government contracts. We have Nestor Roche, the eminent Opposition journalist, whose professional caution has been developed by persecution into an instinct, although he can be deliberately courageous when he has counted the cost. On the press, too, we have M. Panier de Cosaque, the Government bravo, who, however, unlike his notorious prototype, is killed out of hand by young Gerold. We have Albi, the Red Republican plotter, with his virulent speech, coarse personalities, and blunder-headed fanaticism. Last, but not least, although there is less said of him, we have Claude Febre, the eminent Liberal barrister.

All these personages are set in movement to illustrate the working of Imperial institutions, and among them the author is on ground where his critics will hardly dare to follow him. What they may say is that his descriptions are too natural not to be broadly faithful, although epigram may venture upon liberties in some matters of detail. No one of them is better than the account of the occasion which elicited Horace Gerold's maiden speech. Nestor Roche gives the young counsel a brief to defend his journal, the *Sentinel*, in a libel case. The action is tried before the Correctional Court, a Court whose proceedings were supposed to be open only to members of the Bar. But as the ushers could not be familiar with the faces of the whole Parisian Bar, persons interested contrived to slip in disguised in gown and wig. "Press trials were such an attraction, that a good many journalists kept themselves permanently shaved so as to have the privilege of hearing their compeers condemned on a Friday." The idea is a good one, but we should have imagined that, had the authorities cared to keep the trials select, a single member of the detective police might have effectually put a stop to such an abuse. The accused appears, and the tone taken by the hiring Judges is hit off with admirable humour. "Monsieur Dutison," says the Judge, addressing himself to the publisher, "a printer should ponder over every line of manuscript before submitting it to his presses. He should be the paternal censor of all the writings put into his hands." "Yes, and see all his customers go and get their printing done elsewhere," ejaculated M. Dutison, with dismal irony. "Sir, an honest printer would be consoled for the loss of custom by the possession of a blameless conscience." The Judges bully the witnesses for the defence as well as the accused. The public prosecutor, who is presumed to be impartial, inveighs vigorously against the defendants, and the prisoner's counsel is snubbed and silenced when he makes an attempt to examine the plaintiff. "What am I to do?" he asks, turning with flashing eyes to his client, who is unconcernedly writing a leading article with a bit of pencil. "Do nothing," answered the other, coolly. "Wait till it's your turn to speak, and then pitch into everybody." Which he does, to the enthusiastic approbation of the audience, being disbarred subsequently for six months, in consequence of a vigorous remonstrance to the Bench, which he declines to retract. Here and elsewhere the author works out admirably the moral isolation of the Empire and its placemen. The very value and number of the prizes created the intense jealousy of every one "left out in the cold," and the men who would have been the first to rat to-morrow had the Empire thought them worth the converting, were loudest to-day in applauding the philippics of the Irreconcilables. For Irreconcilables there were; some of them from conscientious principles; and the existence of such men as Gerold the elder and Emile, Horace's younger brother, enables the author the more tellingly to vindicate human nature by bringing them out in contrast with the surrounding baseness and corruption. Indeed, for a satirist and cynic, he pushes his charitable faith in the possibilities of lofty yet simple virtue to lengths almost sentimentally extravagant. It is not only his two heroines who show a marvellous capacity for disinterested affection, although we fear neither Georgette Pochemolle nor Angélique Macrobo can be taken as types of a common class; but there is the Prince of Arcola, a *viceroy* and man of the world, who carries into both love and trade a chivalrous delicacy and scrupulousness rare indeed in a more golden age than that of the Lower Empire. It is a fault on the right side, however, if the author overtaxes our credulity in that way, and he shows a true sense of art in providing us with counterpoises to the many discreditable specimens of human nature that come under his lash.

GRIFFITH'S FUNDAMENTALS.*

POSSIBLY they are to be envied who pass through life without feeling a single misgiving as to the truth of the creed which they have professed from their childhood. The uninterrupted acquiescence of such men in a traditional belief may carry with it a real satisfaction, and they may perhaps legitimately regard any state of mind antagonistic to their own as the greatest calamity which can befall any son of Adam. But, in point of fact, with many persons this traditional belief has, in the intellectual and religious conflicts of the present and the last generations, undergone such rude shocks and buffetings as to become, like the Old Law before the promulgation of the Gospel, a feeble thing ready to vanish away. In all such cases there are two questions which call for an answer—the one relating to the cause which has produced such results, the other to the mode in which such persons are to be dealt with.

The minds which have been led to question the traditional theology of the several Churches of Christendom fall into two classes. It is quite possible for men to lose themselves almost at starting in abstruse considerations of the origin of life, death, and evil, of eternity and annihilation, of the nature of mind and soul, and of the theory which regards mind and soul as the mere result of certain mechanical forces exercised in the body; and thus to find that they really have no fixed belief about anything, that they have no ground for supposing that they know anything about themselves or about Him who made them. In short, the train of philosophical meditation has rendered the whole traditional creed of Christendom, in their eyes, utterly untrustworthy. Thus for these men the fabric of authority is shattered; but the same result may possibly be reached in the case of men who have never thought of testing the doctrines of the Church by the arbitrary canons of particular schools. Instead of exercising themselves in great matters which may be too hard for them, they have sought simply to ascertain whether the basis on which Christianity is supposed to rest be a basis of facts or not—these facts being regarded as historical, *i.e.* as incidents which are capable of verification. Probably the number of those thinkers is legion who have started simply in the spirit of the historian—the spirit which is determined that at all costs it will not tamper with facts, or misrepresent them, or assert an agreement when they have no good grounds for saying that such an agreement exists. Such men may feel, as they study carefully the books of the New Testament, that they cannot accept the so-called reconciliations which are current on the accounts given of St. Paul's life after his conversion in his Epistle to the Galatians as compared with the narrative of the Acts, or of the profound secrecy in which the Messiahship is preserved in the Synoptic Gospels as contrasted with the publicity given to it throughout the whole ministry in the fourth Gospel. It is unnecessary to multiply instances, when the purpose for which they are cited is simply to show that such minds are led, from the appearances of inconsistency or contradiction in the narratives, to suspect that these narratives are not generally trustworthy; and further to infer that, if this untrustworthiness is found in the accounts given of matters involving in themselves no unlikelihood either way, then they must be still less trustworthy in their accounts of events which in themselves would be pronounced unlikely, and which are confessedly extraordinary or miraculous. At once, then, a mist of uncertainty is thrown over the cardinal facts of Christianity; the inquiry passes from the province of historical criticism into the regions of theology, and the man who at first thought of nothing more than of confirming incidents or narratives in the New Testament by the evidence of other literature may find himself on the brink of a gulf in which he may lose all his faith, and begin to doubt whether there be any real justification for his belief in a Divine Law and of our responsibility to that law.

These conclusions or inferences may be altogether wrong, but, as a matter of fact, we have before us two classes of persons for both of whom belief founded on authority as such is, for the time at least, an impossibility, and can be professed only at the cost of truth. The question is, how are such men to be dealt with? In other words, what ought to be the character of that literature which is addressed to those who are called sceptics or infidels, but of whom many may have as earnest a desire to believe, and may feel as acute distress in a state of doubt on the first principles of law and morality, as any who regard them with a feeling of pity closely allied to dislike and contempt? Among the vast mass of books of this kind which are utterly unsatisfactory in their method, and which do indefinite mischief to the cause which they are intended to further, it is refreshing to come across a work which, both in its method and its temper, deserves the very highest praise, and the perusal of which must be to the profit of all its readers. Even to such as may never have been troubled by any doubts it must be useful; for minds whose life has been so calm are not likely to be the most vigorous, and it is well to have some safeguard against storms which they would scarcely be able to withstand. But with most men things have not gone so smoothly, and to many a man who has really been weighed down by a mountain of doubt, not the less oppressive because it may be indefinite or even intermittent, this book will come as a wise teacher, bidding him to probe his wounds and see what reme-

* *Fundamentals; or, Bases of Belief concerning Man, God, and the Correlation of God and Man. A Handbook of Mental, Moral, and Religious Philosophy.* By Thomas Griffith, A.M. London: Longmans & Co. 1871.

dies are needed. Almost for the first time he will find that he has in his hands a work of real ability, which neither begs the question at the outset nor calls him hard names. It is of not the least use to tell such a man that a state of scepticism is an uncomfortable or wretched state—he is well aware of this already; or to tell him that the general consent of mankind upholds the belief which he has rejected, or about which he holds himself in suspense—for of this also he cannot but be conscious. Still less is it of any use to tell him that doubt or misbelief will be visited by a frightful punishment hereafter; for this, whether rightly or wrongly, he does not believe. If he is to be convinced at all, it must be by evidence which will satisfy both his mind and his conscience—evidence such as we should all demand before taking any important step involving momentous consequences in life. If to him the history of language seems to show that man was not at the first or for an indefinitely long time a speaking animal, that for ages he never rose beyond strictly sensuous impressions or conceptions, and therefore expressed himself only in sensuous words, and that thus the whole story of Adam in his intercourse with God, his highly developed speech, and his fall, must be untrue, it is perfectly absurd to think that such a person will attach any force to the famous *petitio principii* of De Maistre, to which we referred lately in a notice of Mr. Tylor's work on *Primitive Culture*.^{*} Before he accepts an argument which is to prove that antediluvian science was not only different in kind from, but positively higher than, our own, he will ask for more cogent evidence of the simultaneous destruction of the human race with the exception of a single family; and if he should obtain such evidence, he will then entrench himself in Sir Charles Lyell's position, and refuse to believe in this astounding primeval science until we dig up something more complex and wonderful than flint arrow-heads and bone needles.

The truth is, that the profession of appealing to facts, so ostentatiously paraded by many writers who feel no misgivings about their traditional belief, is little more than a juggle with words. It is clear that all such appeals must be vain, unless the facts are such as to compel universal acceptance; if such facts cannot be found, the whole question falls. Cheerfully accepting this issue, Mr. Griffith confines himself at the outset rigidly to such facts, and from these he reasons steadily onwards, turning aside neither to the right hand nor to the left in his judicial scrutiny of these facts, and his fearless enunciation of the inferences to be drawn from them. If a fact clearly proved is to be admitted, any inferences which necessarily flow from it must be admitted also. The mental process is as faulty which ignores the latter as it is that which refuses to look at the former:—

Facts have their meaning, and this meaning must be evolved from them. The relations which they bear must be noted. The suggestions which they furnish must be followed out. Newton, indeed, said, "I invent not hypotheses." Yet Newton refused not to admit the widest inferences from the simplest facts.—P. 6.

It remains, then, for those who hold that science can take cognizance of nothing but phenomena, to account for their employing a word that connotes the existence of something unseen and not cognizable of which these phenomena are only manifestations, and which further implies a percipient mind—the existence of this mind being the one fact which is nowhere called into question. It is the one fact more perfectly known to each man than any other fact can possibly be, and Mr. Griffith is justified in saying that "this, therefore, is the basis of all science; and hence we make this certainty the measure of all other certainty." Mr. Huxley, it is true, has sought to throw a little mist over this fact, by maintaining that while we have an "unquestionable and immediate certainty of the existence of mind, we have less certainty of the existence of ourselves as the base of this mind." Mr. Griffith's reply is conclusive:—

What [he asks] is "mind" according to his own definition?—"A state of consciousness." But "a state of consciousness" must be a state of something; and "consciousness" is not mere knowledge, but knowledge to and by something. It is *con-scio*; *meum scio*; *mihi scio*. And the "state of consciousness" which he recognises as "an immediately observed fact" is a fact observed, not by somebody else, but by the Something, and observed by this Something as a "state" of its own self. So that when he speaks of the certainty of "mind" he falls into that abstract language which he so justly censures. The "mind" which I observe is no abstraction; it is *my* "mind."—P. 14.

It is no part of our purpose to give an outline or a summary of Mr. Griffith's argument. Unanswerable though we hold it in all essential points to be, we are concerned now rather with its method than its results. Throughout the reader will be struck with the quiet pertinacity with which his attention is drawn to facts which are commonly not so much denied as put out of sight or left in a misty background. In laying stress on some of these facts Mr. Griffith is effectively aided by Mr. Tylor, who has done more probably than previous writers towards settling the point whether religion is a characteristic of the whole human race without exception. It is well to know that this question must be answered in the affirmative, if such be the case; but the fact is scarcely less patent that a rise in the scale of civilization is invariably accompanied by a development of religion; and this fact, taken along with one other, may be said to constitute the citadel of Mr. Griffith's reasoning. This one fact is that which will be brought more and more home to all who think deeply, as they contrast the world of man with the world of brute animals. In the latter not only have all faculties room for exercise, but they have scope for all the activity of

which they are capable. Brutes are bounded by the limits of time and space, and within the narrowest limits of time and space; there is nothing in them which stretches beyond the conditions of their present existence. This is, indisputably, not true of man. It may indeed be said that it is so much the worse for man that it should be so, and that his happiness will come only when he has thrown off for ever this monstrous mass of disastrous delusions. But the fact remains nevertheless, that man regards himself as incomplete, and is conscious of powers which he cannot possibly hope to exercise adequately or fully in this present state. In Mr. Griffith's words:—

It offends us to be termed simply animals, seeing there is that within us which no mere animal possesses—the potentiality for indefinite progression by unlimited acts of origination thought and will. Man has a power of spontaneous emergence out of the swaddling-clothes of animalism; he carries in himself as man a contradiction of himself as animal; he is at once a naturalized supernatural, an enslaved prince, a spirit made flesh. And the accomplishment of the destiny involved in such a nature requires a stage of being in which the supernatural shall break the limitations of the natural, the prince be set free from his slavery, the spirit be emancipated from the flesh. Our potentiality guarantees our permanence.—P. 99.

How far this argument, which will carry us from our own existence as originating minds to the existence of the Divine Creating Mind, to our relations with that Mind as absolutely true and righteous, and to all the inferences flowing immediately from these relations, may be extended, is a question which we need not here discuss, and to which different minds will in all likelihood give different answers. But even those who have been repelled by existing Bibliolatry into a deep suspicion of all appeals to Scripture must yet allow, and many of them will allow willingly, that the opinions of Isaiah or St. Paul, of the authors of the Psalms or the Book of Ecclesiasticus, may be cited as pertinently as those of Aristotle, Plato, or Seneca. To his great credit, Mr. Griffith makes no larger demand on those readers for whose special benefit he supposes himself to be writing; and not a few will admit gladly that the aid which he derives from the statements of Biblical writers is not the less effectual because those statements are used legitimately.

The book has yet another merit which must not be passed by in silence. Mr. Griffith's faith is one which differs widely from that of writers like Mr. Huxley and M. Renan; and sometimes he finds it necessary to oppose them. But he is not less ready to cite from their pages statements with which he agrees, and to accept them with unaffected and hearty approval. His volume exhibits many citations from Theodore Parker, Dr. Tyndall, Mr. Kirkman, and writers in the *Westminster Review*, whom he claims as his allies in the great work of building up the fabric of a right belief. We know no book more likely to soften the rage of modern controversy; and at a time when the union of all earnest thinkers is becoming more and more the one thing to be desired, we welcome it as being, far more than theological expedients for the reconciliation of sundered Churches, a real and effectual Eirenikon.

THE HOMING OR CARRIER PIGEON.*

THE part played by "les pigeons voyageurs" in the late war between France and Germany, and the remarkable success of the "pigeon post" between Tours and Paris, must have recalled the attention of many persons to these very curious problems of the winged creation; and Mr. Tegetmeier, a most competent and experienced authority upon this and kindred topics, has opportunely published the detailed results of his knowledge and observation of the Homing pigeon's history and training in a small volume, of which the ninth chapter of his larger "Pigeon Book" has formed the basis. Although ornithologists and the curious as to the habits of fowl life have long got beyond the stage at which credit could be accorded to the old traveller, Lithgow's, story of the surrender of Ptolemais to the French armies, owing to the interception by them of the Sultan's carriers and the use made of these birds to carry into the city a false message; and although there has been enough written to explode the more recent canard about Sir John Ross sending home to Miss Dunlop a pair of pigeons over arctic seas and frozen regions—a voyage of two thousand miles—there is yet so much haziness in the public mind as to the uses and capabilities of this most interesting species, that Mr. Tegetmeier deserves all credit for putting the results of his information in a popular form, and doing his best to disperse a mental fog as dense as those which prevent his winged clients from achieving their aerial races.

Not to go with him into classical notices of the Homing pigeon, or to do more than remind our readers of the great extent to which these birds were used in the last century and the early part of this—in fact, until electricity proved a speedier and more scientific vehicle for conveying racing news and stock-jobbing intelligence—we propose to glance briefly at some of their accredited exploits, at the differences, essential or accidental, between the English and the Belgian Homing birds, and at the question, now very near unequivocal settlement, whether it is "instinct" or a higher and more special intelligence that enables them to achieve unerring flights, which to a phrenologist would imply a highly-developed bump of locality. For the most marvellous pigeon-

* *The Homing or Carrier Pigeon (le Pigeon Voyageur): its History, General Management, and Method of Training.* By W. B. Tegetmeier, F.Z.S., Author of the "Poultry Book," &c. London: Routledge & Sons, 1871.

aces or "concours" on record we have to look to the Continent; indeed, Belgium is as much the nurse of the Homing pigeon as our own country of the racehorse. Its level flats, its clearer atmosphere, its unanimous favour and affection for the voyageur birds—shown, for example, by the farmer in letting them feed unmolested in his fields *en route*, and by the station-master in looking after them and giving them drink on their passage to the point where they are to be thrown—furnish conditions of success denied to our own country's pigeon champions, which have to contend with hills and fogs to impede the vision, and with hostile farmers and gamekeepers, and other more ignoble foes. And, beside this, the care bestowed by the Belgian pigeon-breeders in breeding and training, matching and crossing selected and approved birds with others of equal goodness, ensures to a greater degree than our own less careful management the perpetuation of hereditarily trained intelligence. Certain it is that the Belgian birds accomplish more than ours. Though the programme of the London Pigeon Club for 1871, given in p. 17, is not amiss, it does not bespeak such perfected results of training as those of the Continental Columboholes. Among English flights, those which the late Mr. Gandell records, from Exeter to Peckham (172 miles) in four hours and fifteen minutes, and from Falmouth to Camberwell (269 miles) within the day, and Mr. Tegetmeier's testimony as to two birds flying from King's Cross to Leeds (180 miles) in six and a-half and eight hours (the one which took the longest time on the road being in moult and having but six flight feathers), are about the most respectable; and in the last-named instance the birds were Belgian. An Antwerp pigeon in 1870 conveyed the name of the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes from Newmarket to London in an hour and thirty-three minutes. But the Belgian pigeon-races, for young birds, involve a flight of 200, and for old birds 400 or 500 miles, the prizes, of course, being equal to the interest of the occasion:—

In 1870 a race took place from Bazas, a town in the south of France, 32 miles from Bordeaux, and 480 from Brussels. The birds, 838 in number, filled thirty baskets. They were set free on Saturday, July 23rd, at half-past four in the morning, the wind being south-west. Seven of the birds arrived on Sunday, the winner of the first prize at 12.44, and that of the second at 12.45, both belonging to Brussels, and the following Monday 120 had returned.

But this was nothing to the Grand Race from Rome to Belgium in 1868, the longest on record. It was a distance of 900 miles, of which 500 miles were strange ground. Two hundred birds were entered for it, and all were loosed at 4.30 A.M. on the 22nd of July. Only twenty reached home; the first and second at 1.55 and 8.15 P.M. on the 3rd of August; the third and fourth on August 4th and August the 6th, and the tenth on the 11th of September. If they flew in a direct line, it must have been across the Apennines and Alps, at a height of some 7,000 feet, and right across Switzerland. But Mr. Tegetmeier surmises that they rounded the westward of these mountains, and skirting the coast came home by way of Nice through France. From a calculation of Dr. Chapuis, the great Belgian authority, it is gathered that in the great "concours" under favourable conditions the rate of flight of the best birds is more than a mile a minute, kept up for four hours and three-quarters; but this is exceeded by birds which know their route in short-distance flights. To estimate these birds and their services aright we have to glance at the pigeon-posts of last year, rather than the pigeon-races which they temporarily superseded. The few Homing birds flown in Paris repaid their rearing and nurture a thousand times over in transmission thither from Tours (whither they were sent in balloons) of messages and letters set up in type and photographed on a reduced scale, of which an idea may be gained from the diagram of a microscopic newspaper given in p. 31. These despatches were attached to the central tail feathers, the more approved plan being to roll up the paper tightly and place it in a quill, to be tied longitudinally to the central feathers of the tail. "The first three birds carried in 1,000 despatches, and a service of post-office orders up to 300 francs was organized." As might be expected, the success of the pigeon-post in this instance evoked divers schemes in our public prints; plans for employing pigeons in the event of war in this country, and plans for conveying messages from vessels foundering at sea. Mr. Tegetmeier's judgment on these subjects is not encouraging, though it carries weight in its appeal to common-sense and experience. Training by stages, very gradual and very regular, is the essence of the performances of the Homing birds. The best-bred pigeon would be lost if taken 100 miles for its first flight, and at sea this training would be impossible; whereas the distance home would be probably far greater than the length of the greatest races. In the famous race from Rome the greater part of the birds were lost—a hint to us not to overdo the question of distance—and, to say nothing of the difficulty of getting the timid bird to strike away from the ship at sea, it would be a great risk to start it after enforced inaction on shipboard for a sudden flight of three or four hundred miles.

But if we are obliged to give up these far-reaching speculations, the usefulness of the Homing pigeon still justifies a lively interest in the breeds to be employed and the course of training to be adopted. And, first of all, the term "Carrier pigeon" is delusive. In England the novice who should buy a "Carrier" at a poultry show would come off with a bird of large bulk, elongated beak, and narrow skull, and a large amount of wattle, worth some pounds perhaps as a fancy bird, but utterly useless as a "Homing pigeon." The remote originals of this breed may have had carry-

ing properties, but the English Carrier of to-day—though a very artificial and high-class breed—is simply a "lucus a non lucendo." Our best Homing pigeon, before the introduction of the Belgian bird, was the Dragon, a pigeon with broader skull and more brain, smaller beak and less eye and beak wattle, than the fancy Carrier; and an experienced amateur, whom our author quotes, considers the Dragon capable of being trained up to the excellence of the Antwerp, though he admits that in this country expense and other hindrances stand in the way of proving his position. A bird called the Skinnum—the son of the Dragon by the extinct blue Tumbler, bred into a true strain—seems to combine many excellences of the Belgian bird with a higher flight and greater swiftness than the Dragon. But no English breed, says Mr. Tegetmeier, can vie with the real "Homing pigeon" of Belgium (which is incorrectly called an "Antwerp," both as regards its birthplace and its breed and species); a composite race, in which the Smerle, or original Belgian Homing bird, has some part. The Smerle is a smallish bird, looking as if bred from a coarse Blue Owl pigeon and a Blue Rock. Its arched head and capacious skull distinguish it at once from the English Carrier. It has much firmness and breadth of flight-feathers of wing, overlapping each other so as to give great power of propulsion. Its keel of breastbone is deep and muscular, and all parts not needed for flight are scantily developed. Besides, it possesses an extraordinarily keen and unerrable attachment to home. It is said that the Pigeon Voyageur is attributable to a cross of this bird with the Cumulet (Volant or Highflyer) of Antwerp, whose chief excellence is his high flight (51), enabling him to reach altitudes whence, if from anywhere, known landmarks can be descried; but it is doubtful whether high-flying birds are not defective in intelligence. The English Dragon breed is crossed with these two with good results, and from the three springs the Homing bird, which does best for long distances. Some maintain that the greater size of the Demi-Becs or half-bred Dragons gives them an advantage over the little Smerles as to long flights; but the author adduces the instances of the Stormy Petrel, the Swallow, and the common Swift, to show that great size is no necessary security for eminent strength of flight. Much more depends on attaining hereditary-trained intelligence by a studied course of artificial selection, and an elimination of unfit birds. To this elimination Hurlingham, it seems, contributes:—

This process of selection of the best stock is continually being carried on. Each pair of old birds will breed seven or eight young ones every season; of these let us regard five or six as being reared, and ask what becomes of them. The very worst are lost in training; the weakest are struck down by the hawks; the slowest, those that return, but not in good time, find their way to the dealers; and during the summer thousands weekly are shot at the pigeon-shooting clubs of this country, where aristocratic gunners stand with double-barrels, twenty-five yards from the traps, and think they are worthy the title of sportsmen if they succeed in butchering their prey in this ignoble manner. I am no maudlin sentimentalist; I know that Nature is prodigal of life, and that of every twenty pigeons born not more than one can be allowed to reach maturity, or the world would be over-stocked with pigeons; but this does not increase my respect for their slayers.

Thus much and more in the same vein writes Mr. Tegetmeier in the little volume before us, which might with advantage get into the hands of the Hurlingham heroes, were it not that some one of the more acute of these idlers might gather from it a justification of his favourite sport in the designs of Providence. But, to return to our subject; this process of selection has been attended in Belgium with well-nigh perfect results, and, given birds thus produced, and good management—for the details of which we must refer our readers to chapter iii.—and good and intelligent training, there is no reason why, with allowances for climate, atmosphere, and physical conformation of the country, Homing birds in England should not go far towards matching their Continental kinsfolk.

Training indeed is everything, and here, though we may fairly deem some of the distances to which quite young birds are inured excessive, may lie perhaps the secret of the superiority of foreign pigeon-fliers over our own. Beginning at five months old, they try their birds in a first flight of from five to eight miles, a double distance in three or four days after, and in five or six more trials arrive at a distance of 150 or 180 miles. This would be Dr. Chapuis's idea of economizing the one-year-old's flights; but to our fancy it looks like a severity of exertion likely to exhaust the bird's constitution before reaching its prime. But the principle of regular and systematic training is not the less sound and essential, and according to an authority quoted elsewhere in the volume before us, the Belgian trainers exercise great care in allowing a due interval between long journeys for their birds. The English plan is to toss the young birds up, after they have been made acquainted with the look of home by limited flights, at about a mile off. This mile is then increased to two, and so up to ten, and onward by stages of five miles up to fifty, which is enough for the first season. Our plan, too, is sending up our pigeons singly at intervals, whereas the Belgian pigeons are started off in a flock, and in the opinion of many it is "company" that conduces to the safe "homing" of the birds started in races. Against this, however, militates the statement of Mr. Kenrick, who has resided in Belgium as well as England, that Belgian birds do not return home in a flock. All testimony, however, admits the better style, more business-like test, in short, more thorough mastery of their drill, in the pigeons of a Belgian race. A good deal of this may be due to the more favourable conditions under which they receive their training, the clearer atmosphere, the more assured security, the advantage of numbers, like that of a public over a

private school. But the probability is that, with equal care and pains, the results of both countries' pigeon-fancying with an eye to races and message-carrying might be very nearly equalized, more especially if, as we believe, the Homing faculty depends more on intelligence than instinct, and on trained observation rather than a native gift inherent and not needing cultivation. Mr. Tegetmeier's grounds for believing that this is so are as follows:—(1.) The Homing faculty is not equally given to all the members of a species, as is nest-building, migratory power, &c. (2.) There is in it a variation of action not found in instinctive motions and acts; e.g., swallows fly south in autumn; but Homing pigeons return home north, south, east and west. (3.) Training by stages is necessary before any pigeons can come from a distance of one or two hundred miles. Mr. Fisher's birds required twenty hours, when the route was strange, to fly the eighty-three miles which in an after journey they did in two. (4.) They will not fly home in a fog or in the dark; in fact, they cannot ordinarily return home by night, though they occasionally have done so by moonlight or gaslight; a pretty plain proof that they home by sight and by observation. In this case the value of the ample skull and brain room is explicable; and the use for which it is given is suggestive of anything but the "unconscious, involuntary, unreasoning prompting to action" which is termed "instinct." "An instinct," according to Paley, "is a propensity prior to experience, and independent of instruction." Now let us apply this definition to the Homing pigeon's *modus operandi*. "A bird thrown in a new locality" (writes our author) "flies round and round in gradually increasing circles, till at length it descries some familiar object, and then, and then only, darts off on its homeward flight. Throw the same bird again, in the same locality, and if it is a good intelligent bird, there is no wheeling round, but if the road is known, he is off instantly. It may be said no bird can see 200 miles, to say nothing of 500. But no bird will return home 200 miles unless he has been trained by stages on the road." In illustration of the greater span of vision which is realized from an elevated point of view, Mr. Tegetmeier cites not only Mr. Glaisher's testimony as to his synoptical view of the Thames and our metropolis and the whole of Kent, even to its coast line, from three or four miles height in air, but the instances of the Himalayas being visible to the naked eye at two hundred miles distance, and of the volcano in the Cordilleras, distinguishable at ninety-three miles distance, both of which are attested by credible authority. The reasonable theory as to the Homing pigeon is that, in his circlings which are so remarkable in a course comparatively unfamiliar, he catches sight of landmarks that are to be seen at much more than average extents of vision. To the exercise of this observation and sighting his graduated training has accustomed him. He owes it to a process of tuition, which is utterly contrary to instinctive impulse or motion. He avails himself of his previous lessons, just as much as a boy in construing avails himself of his grammar and syntax. He depends not on a natural affinity or attraction, but on step-by-step familiarization with certain points of observation and principles of guiding his flight.

Much interesting illustration of this explanation of the Homing principle in the Pigeons Voyageurs will be found in Mr. Tegetmeier's pages, and the thanks of all naturalists as well as of the general public are due to him for having thrown into a cheap and accessible volume the substance of one of the most interesting portions of his greater work on pigeons.

NONCONFORMIST RELIGIOUS ARCHITECTURE.*

MR. CUBITT'S name is unknown to us as an architect, either in connexion with the Church of England or with any sect of Nonconformists; and we confess that at first sight we looked upon his book, with its showy frontispiece of the interior view of a galleried conventicle—evidently intended to be what is called a professional "card"—with little interest. But its illustrations tempted us to dip further into it, and it is only fair to say that we found it, upon closer acquaintance, to be a thoughtful and able book. The author shows most commendable research, and a very considerable acquaintance with the monuments and literature of his art. Whether he has solved the problem which he undertakes to discuss is another question altogether.

That problem is, as the title-page of this volume well expresses it, the adaptation of our ordinary ecclesiastical architecture to the convenience of large congregations of auditors. It is to be observed, as a sign of the times, that Mr. Cubitt—who always writes from a Nonconformist point of view—seems to have no thought of employing any other architectural forms than those of Gothic in buildings for religious purposes. He will seek for types and ideas in any variety of architectonic art; but his aim is always to clothe his borrowed structural hints in the details of Pointed ornamentation. The practical question, then, which he raises is how best to accommodate in a Gothic interior the largest number of people within view and hearing of the pulpit. The question is not a new one. It has been practically answered in our days hundreds of times, both in churches and chapels, by the most miserable deterioration of architectural style and character. The novelty is that we see in the pages before us an architect, whose chief work evidently lies among Dissenting circles, truly

concerned at the degradation of architectural art, and honestly endeavouring to seek a remedy by a wide induction from the ancient precedents of his art. On all grounds we most heartily wish him success. The man would be a public benefactor who should succeed in divesting of their usual portentous ugliness and pretentiousness the Nonconformist chapels which abound in modern England.

Mr. Cubitt first falls foul of what he rightly calls the Conventional Church Type; that is, the subdivision of the area of a church by two arcades into a nave and aisles. He shows, by the aid of diagrams, that, whether for seeing or hearing, a certain number of persons in such an area must be hindered by the columns from hearing the preacher or seeing the altar, and he makes merry with the chief modern expedient for diminishing this evil—namely, the diminishing the thickness of the piers. Of course a weak arcade necessarily involves a starving of the whole superimposed weight. From this original fault of a cheap construction follow the inevitable consequences of thin walls, jejune windows, and generally dwarfed proportions, which are the characteristic features of the typical modern Gothic church. Mr. Cubitt condemns the plan of nave and aisles altogether. It leads, he thinks, to the dilemma of either bad architecture, if the wants of the congregation are considered, or bad arrangement, if the piers are large enough to obstruct the view of the pulpit. We may say at once that we believe there is no escape from this dilemma. There can be no doubt that for an auditorium, or for a congregation assembled in common worship and needing to look at a common object, the plan of a nave and aisles is extremely inconvenient. The late Mr. Pugin used to urge in behalf of this plan that it was not only constructionally stronger than any wide-spanned roof, but a much more economical form of building. Doubtless he was right. But this does not touch present wants. It must be remembered that in mediæval times, when this type of church came into use, such large congregations as are now common were seldom assembled. The inflexible rule of an eleven o'clock Sunday morning service had not yet stereotyped itself. Churches were much more numerous; and the several congregations much smaller. The aisles, as we believe, were seldom used for the accommodation of worshippers. Indeed, for the most part, each aisle had its own altar, and served probably for the persons attending service at such altar. Where it was otherwise, and notably in the churches of the Preaching Friars, in which large numbers may be supposed to have been assembled at sermon times, our mediæval ancestors seem to have themselves acknowledged that the ordinary type of church interior needed adaptation to these new demands. To this we owe the famous interior of the Dominican church at Ghent, which offers a large unbroken area for congregational purposes, and which has been worn nearly threadbare by modern imitations. Mr. Cubitt might have added to this example some Dominican churches in Northern Italy; and in particular it is strange that he has omitted to notice the beautiful fragment of the ancient unclerical church of the Austin Friars, London (which suggested to the late Mr. Carpenter the motif of his fine church of St. Mary Magdalene, Munster Square), in which the slenderness of the shafts is reduced with wonderful skill to the minimum compatible with architectural effect and constructional strength.

But we are anticipating the formal development of Mr. Cubitt's inquiry. Having expressed his wish to abolish internal arcades altogether, he casts about for plans which would dispense with them. First indeed he considers briefly, and with an unfavourable judgment, the expediency of diminishing the number of piers by widening the arches, or of gaining a comparatively wide central area by reducing as far as possible the width of the aisles. All these varying types of church arrangement are illustrated by very numerous ground-plans and sections borrowed from many different sources, but few of them, strange to say, from personal observation. Our author's own conclusions are in favour of churches wholly aisle-less. And of these types he considers first of all churches with straight-sided plans, including such buildings as Alby Cathedral, and the French Byzantine churches of the South, in which domes rest upon Pointed arches. We confess for our own part that such magnificent interiors as the Cathedral of Gerona in Spain, and its kindred buildings, which Mr. Street first made known to us, seem most nearly to fulfil the conditions suitable to a large town church for the use of the Church of England. In these we have ample area, vast height and dignity, and the possibility of every worshipper being placed in view of, and within hearing of, the altar and the pulpit. Mr. Cubitt seems to shrink from the height as being a disadvantage in a mere auditorium. For choral services, however, such as are the peculiar heritage of the Church, such height would be most valuable. The truth is that the requirements of the Church and of the Nonconforming sects are not the same in this matter of church arrangement. To a church architect the problem of modern wants is much more difficult than to his Dissenting brother. The latter, after all, has but to contrive an auditorium, whether for preaching or for praying. Mr. Spurgeon, with his strong common sense, discovered this when he was building his Surrey Tabernacle; and in like manner the new Brooklyn Tabernacle in New York, capable of seating 3,200 persons, is described as a "circus-like" structure. Nothing more is wanted, in fact, for the convenience of Dissenting congregations, than the commodious seating of as many hundreds as can possibly hear the voice of the officiating minister. The conditions of Church worship are very different. True, it is most desirable that all

* Church Design for Congregations: its Development and Possibilities. By James Cubitt, Architect. With 19 Plates. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1871.

persons present should see and hear the preacher. But, in addition, it is indispensable that every one should be able to kneel upon his knees in common prayer; and the service requires that the congregation should be, as far as possible, in visible presence of the altar, at which the chief liturgical action is celebrated. This distinction between worship, in its technical sense, and merely listening to a preacher, is the *differentia* between the Divine service of the Church and that of the sects. It is this which makes galleries so much more popular with the latter than with the former. Mr. Cubitt, after learnedly discoursing about cruciform aisle-less buildings, such as the Apostelnkirche at Köln, Santa Maria delle Grazie at Milan, the Duomo at Florence, and the Mosque of Hassan at Cairo, comes back to a cruciform domical aisle-less galleried interior as the most suitable for modern wants. We think that, from his own point of view, he is needlessly hard upon preaching-houses which adopt the theatre plan. The frontispiece, to which we have already referred, exhibits Mr. Cubitt's theories in practice. It displays a broad open area, a nave with a western gallery, a large central octagonal dome, with galleried transepts, and a short apsidal recess, constituting the fourth arm of the cross, containing pulpit and communion-table, surrounded by a bench for elders and other dignitaries, but no choral arrangements. All this is undeniably convenient. A large number of persons are shown, in comfortable pews, seated in full view of the minister. But what disappoints us is the wretchedness of the architecture, and the entire absence of harmonious or impressive proportion. The interior is open and light and cheerful, but decidedly undignified. There is no feeling of solemnity or repose about it. It is anything but a place for worship. The dome, with its pendentives, is "fussy" in the extreme, overdone with windows and arcades and mouldings and ornamentation, all on a scale too small for its pretence. And the same criticism applies to the apse, with its two ranges of windows, and its wooden groining. Mr. Cubitt seems to have avoided, indeed, the extreme attenuated flimsiness of modern Gothic, which he has so eloquently condemned; but his design utterly fails, in our judgment, as an attempt to clothe modern ideas in a becoming architectural dress. The puzzle to us is how an artist who has so much knowledge and discernment and love for his art can be satisfied with such a design. How marvellously is the bustling vulgarity of this frontispiece rebuked by the grave, beautiful, and sublime interiors with which the other illustrations of this volume abound! The practical conclusion seems to be that not even Mr. Cubitt, with his skill and feeling, can solve the problem of adapting the forms of church architecture to the different requirements of a mere preaching-house.

MINOR POETS.

A FEELING almost of dismay comes over us when we reflect that, though we have this year reviewed quite twenty of the minor poets, there are about thirty more lying on our table, awaiting our notice. Moreover, only eight months of the year have passed, and so, even at the present rate of publication, we ought to expect some five-and-twenty more. But in two months, together with the November shower of meteoric stones, there will set in, no doubt, the equally copious shower of poems. We shall come off well if we escape with another half-hundred more, and if the average of the whole year is not above two a-week. We have glanced through the whole thirty, and like them little better than Falstaff did his regiment of soldiers. With the omission of one word, we would say of them, what he said of himself, that they "have misused the press damnably." There are perhaps one or two among them who, like the owners of the shirt and a-half, may fairly claim some slight superiority over their fellows. With those we do not intend to deal at present. Of the rest we will pick out five of the worst, and do our best to lead them "where they are peppered."

There are those who think that the chief part of poetry is, first, so to pronounce wind as to make it rhyme with mind; and, secondly, to use thou and thee instead of you. The author of *Annie and Eva*, indeed, is so impressed with the superiority, in a poetical point of view, of the singular form of the second person over the plural, that he does not hesitate to employ it even when addressing both the young ladies whose names he uses to make his "title-page to shine." After all, if the flattery of an earlier age addressed one person as many, we do not know why the simplicity of a later age should not address many persons as one. Even if this cannot be admitted, still we must allow our author a poet's privilege, and not insist too strongly on grammatical niceties. For if in the verses that we will quote *yours* will not rhyme with *shine*, it would be hard to refuse him the use of *thine*—

Annie and Eva—gentle maids,
With beauty blest, and every grace
Beaming from each exquisite face,
Like sunbeams sweet on summer glades—

* *Annie and Eva*. A Poem of the Day. By Ellis. London: Bickers & Son. 1871.

The Mutual Scourges; or, France and her Neighbours. An Historical Drama in Four Acts. By Thomas Brigstocke. London: Longmans & Co. 1871.

Noble Love, and Other Poems. By Colin Rae-Brown. London: William Skelington. 1871.

The Angel in the Cloud. By Edwin W. Fuller. New York: Hall & Son. 1871.

The Master of Woodleigh. A Poem. By P. J. Standash. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. Kingston-upon-Hull: Leng & Co. 1871.

Allow this title-page to shine
With names which I so fondly trace;
If worth be here, be it thine to grace
Verses which only live if thine.

It may be objected that the metre requires as much indulgence as the grammar, and further reading will show that the rhymes also must not be too closely looked into. We once knew a man who maintained that it was impossible to make any real distinction in the pronunciation of *Shaw, shore, saw, and sure*. We do not know if the author of *Annie and Eva* will go quite so far as this, but at all events he makes *morn* rhyme with *dawn*, and *arm* with *calm*. If however his grammar, metre, and rhyme are all wrong, he is not on all occasions absolutely deficient in sense. Though he cannot claim to be a poet, we should be glad to hear that he was a member of a London Vestry or a Board of Health. His views on the sanitary requirements of London are remarkably sound, and we can fully sympathize with him in the wish that "one would surely arise"

To tear down hovels by scores,
To pave with superior care;
To clean from mud and dirt,
To open the long-closed doors,
To let in pure fresh air,
And clean windows down with a squirt.

Such an appeal as this, in language not too ornate for the severe simplicity of his mind, might perhaps win its way with Her Majesty's First Commissioner of Public Works. If Mr. Ayrton took to cleaning windows down with a squirt, and the author of *Annie and Eva* sang of his high achievements, the hero and his bard would have each found a task well suited to his powers and his taste.

Mr. Brigstocke to all appearance has been so lost in the study of Froissart, and in the contemplation of angels and demons, that no news has as yet reached him of the great war that has just been brought to a close. It may of course be the case that the prophecy with which his historical drama closes was written some years before a publisher could be found to bring it before the world. The poet may have regarded the waste of so much good poetry with the same unwillingness as a patient who has suddenly been put under a new treatment regards the waste of so much good medicine. And just as the one, rather than throw away what had cost him money, would willingly find somebody else to swallow it, however unsuitable it might be, so our dramatist, rather than throw away what had cost him effort, would willingly get us to swallow his prophecy, however little it may suit with the actual course of events. Indeed we know of no sadder position than that of a prophet whose prophecies are delayed by the base necessity of finding a publisher. And we beg leave to assure Mr. Brigstocke of our hearty sympathy with him, seeing that when he had laboriously worked together into one harmonious whole Pope and King, guardian spirits, and the six bourgeois of Calais, eight demons with a chief demon, "a purveyor, a fool, a friar, cardinals, bishops, priests, barons, knights, soldiers, citizens, a Welsh bard, messengers, etc."—that when all these co-operated together towards one grand and final prophecy, just then the malignity of fate should have set Europe in a blaze, and made "Imperial France" Imperial no more. We admire, however, Mr. Brigstocke's spirit in calmly ignoring the late war, and in showing that there is at all events one man in Europe who can afford to disregard Bismark and Moltke. We shall do ourselves the pleasure of quoting part of the final prophecy, which was given on a volcano somewhere near to Calais, we suppose, as it is there that the scene of the drama is laid. Let the reader picture to himself "a serene day-break," and "demons seen reluctantly descending into the crater at the command of the Spirit." The Spirit, after a little rather rough language to these reluctant and unreasonable demons, thus bursts out into prophecy:—

Through the dark curtain of futurity
I see imperial France now hand and heart
With England and her mighty scions leagued;
I hear their voices to the nations cry:—
"Giant ambition shall no more o'erstep
Great nature's rightful landmarks of dominion,
Plant his red footsteps on the piled Alp,
To stamp the virgin snows with stains of gore,
Or from the ridgy height of Caucasus,
With glance of eagle-eyed cupidity,
Gloat o'er the vision of a hundred realms,
To cry, 'They shall be mine!' The soldier now,
Spurning his idle sword, shall ply the loom,
Or help to fill bright Ceres' golden horn."

It is somewhat difficult to understand why the volcano, the demons, and the Spirit are introduced into the siege of Calais. Mr. Brigstocke may have intended his play for the stage, and may have wisely judged that, if the curtain both rose and fell on one of the entrances to the infernal regions, there would be room for a good deal of Bengal fire and blue lights, to the gratification of a London audience. For, after all, all that the Chief Demon does is to appear on one occasion in the background, disguised as the Red Knight, and there to sing a very bloodthirsty song. Whereupon ensues the following dialogue:—

1st Knt. Right welcome, noble knight.

Red Knt. Thanks.

2nd Knt. Sir Knight, we respect your incognito; yet we would gladly know your country and your assumed name, if you would deign to reveal them?

Red Knt. Call me Sir Nicholas.

1st Knt. Of what country?

Red Knt. Of the low countries. You shall know more hereafter. Follow

me on the morrow, and I will lead you where wealth and beauty are to be found.

1st Knt. Lead where you list, noble knight.

1st and 2nd Knt. We'll follow.

[They draw their swords; the Red Knight vanishes.]

1st Knt. He went this way.

2nd Knt. Nay, 'twas this.

[Exeunt.]

Happily, after this, the guardian spirits "linked in sweet sororal love," appear and sing a much longer song, of a highly moral tendency. Nevertheless, matters go on badly enough; the six burgesses enter upon the scene; to the Black Prince's plea for mercy, the King sternly replies, "Silence, boy!" and orders in the headsman, when Queen Philippa throws herself on her knees. Thereupon the King begins a speech with "Ha! dame," but shows himself merciful. There is nothing, of course, left for the demons to do but, however reluctantly, to descend into the crater. This they do rather too tamely; for the Chief Demon, under the form of the Red Knight, might at all events have sung another song, even if before he reached the last verse the Spirit lost patience and kicked him after the rest.

Mr. Rae-Brown, as we learn from two pages of advertisement that are tacked on to the end of *Noble Love*, is a poet already known to fame, though not to us. He is preparing for publication the third edition of *The Dawn of Love*. We shall look forward to its appearance with no little interest, for its merits are testified to by not only Thomas de Quincey and Walter Savage Landor, but also by *The Ladies' Newspaper* and the *Tunbridge Wells Gazette*. Of these two newspapers the former asserts that "these verses prove that Nature makes the poet," while the latter maintains that "the reader should be a better man after their perusal than before." Mr. Landor announces his intention of beginning them again, from the first page, while Mr. de Quincey looks upon their dedication to him as "an unmerited distinction." He goes on, indeed, to give the poet some sound advice, and exhorts him "to avoid the spasmodic and obscure. Unaffected simplicity," he adds, "is power." Is the unaffected simplicity of the following lines at all the result of Mr. de Quincey's advice?—

A pauper's burial, half-finished rites—
Grudgingly given—favours, not rights—
Did paupers' souls require their completion,
When, when would they rise to full fruition?

Such verses as these may, in the words of *The Ladies' Newspaper*, prove that Nature makes the poet. They at the same time most certainly prove that she has not made a poet of Mr. Rae-Brown. He does not always rely on simplicity alone. In his poem on "Albert the Good," for instance, he tells us how, on the death of "the Kingliest Man" England ever saw, the country's heart lies bleeding beneath an avalanche, while a dire blow "hath smote" her breast. It is no wonder that, with the blow in her breast and the heart bleeding beneath the avalanche, there are "no words wherewith to clothe so dire a blow." Even if there were, there would, we should have thought, have been some difficulty, under the painful and peculiar circumstances, in applying them. While England is thus placed, at the same time "a surging sea of sorrow Europe fills," which, quite contrary to the custom of all other seas, "o'er the world shall far extending flow in countless streams." We hope that England is not included in Europe by our poet, or her situation would be intolerable with at the same time a blow in her breast, an avalanche upon her bleeding heart, and a surging sea on the top.

In a soliloquy spreading over some fifty pages, Mr. Fuller sets forth various perplexities about free-will, predestination, the origin of evil, and things in general. In the next fifteen pages he falls into a vision and is carried upwards into heaven on

A steed of matchless beauty, agile grace,
Combined with muscled strength.

There an angel addresses him for some thirty-five pages more, successfully solves all his perplexities, and sends him away with some gentle reproof and good advice that would not have been unworthy of a Sunday-school teacher. We cannot say that we have complied with the poet's "earnest request," who modestly asks that those who begin to read his book will read all. He is afraid apparently that, as "the plan of the present work forces a separation of the statement and the refutation," his readers, if they do not go through to the end, may either suspect him of heresy or get tainted with heresy themselves. We had read but a very few pages before we felt that, whatever charge might be brought against Man, we ourselves, at all events, as regards the work before us, were entirely free from the fault set forth in the following lines:—

Upon the coals of curiosity,
A writhing worm, he's laid.

Our curiosity had been fully satisfied by the statements, and we were quite ready to do without the refutations. Nor did we find ourselves at all like the worm, who, as we are told, in the somewhat warm position in which he finds himself,

Twists and turns,
To find, in vain, the healing salve of Truth.

By the way, we should have been glad to have learnt if the Angel anywhere refutes the poet's statement that, in the month of August, the robin

Found and bore the curling worm
Up to the yellow-throated brood o'erhead.

Could this "curling worm" of page 11 be the same as the "writhing worm" of page 18? If so, our knowledge of natural

history would have been doubly increased. We should not only have learnt that the robin has young ones to feed in August, but that, in her maternal care, she supplies them with cooked food served up hot. Mr. Fuller's preface, while it is as original in its way as his poem, has the advantage of great brevity. Indeed we scarcely think that it is respectful to a poem that is as long as any four or five books of *Paradise Lost* taken together. We do not know what is the exact ratio that ought to exist between the length of a preface and the length of a book. That such a ratio does exist, however, we unhesitatingly maintain. It is surely scarcely decent to usher in a theological poem of more than three thousand lines with an introduction of only sixteen. It is treating this great argument in much the same unceremonious way as some princes from India were treated by a London footman. His master, who had invited them to dinner, had for some days carefully schooled him in their several titles. The lesson, however, was all lost; for when the rest of the company was assembled, the door was violently thrown open, and the footman, with agitation written in his face, burst into the room with a loud cry of "The Indians! the Indians!" Brief though Mr. Fuller is, he yet finds space to give a cut at his future critics. We will show our generosity by quoting the passage, even though it tells against ourselves:—

In the bulrush ark of self-confidence, pitched with Faith, I commit my first-born to the Nile of public opinion; whether to perish by crocodile critics, or bask in the palace of favour, the Future, alone, must determine. May Pharaoh's daughter find it!

Mr. Standash can boast of having written a poem longer even than Mr. Fuller's. His *Master of Woodleigh* is some three square feet of closely-printed lines larger than *The Angel in the Cloud*, though in mere weight, we must admit, it scarcely has the superiority. Perhaps as easy and as accurate a method as could conveniently be found of estimating the comparative merits of most of these poems would be to convert them at once into avoirdupois weight or into square measure. At all events, unless we are allowed the use of a foot-rule or a pair of scales, we find it difficult to compare together the poems before us. Mr. Standash, as far as we have read him, keeps clear of visions and angels. His style, too, is simple, and perhaps, as compared with Mr. Fuller's ornateness, is even severe. He is not troubled with predestination or free-will, but has a good deal to say about country gentlemen and fox-hunting. In all other respects, however, in the absence of all that is wise, and in the presence of all that is foolish, the two poets wonderfully well agree; and if a question of precedence arose, we should find it difficult to decide which of the two should lead the way to the fire or the waste-paper basket. In the present Conservative reaction, the following description of an English country gentleman may perhaps be voted to be poetry. We would commend it to the use of the new member for East Surrey, the next time he is required to read a speech:—

These are the men to welcome and to cheer,
Who though they wield no sword nor pierce with spear,
Most loyal subjects; true to Britain's weal,
Their fertile acres many a rupture heal;
A kingdom's standard safely flutters mark,
Midst plenty; hunger draws the shark
To engulph its weakness. Hark! 'Tis these patriots cry,
The British lion we uphold, or die!

MISS YONGE AND THE JOURNAL OF LADY BEATRIX GRAHAM.—

We have received a letter from Miss YONGE with reference to the article which appeared in last week's number of the SATURDAY REVIEW headed "Miss Yonge's Journal of Lady Beatrix Graham." Miss YONGE says that "It is due to the true author" of that work "to state that" she (Miss YONGE) "had nothing to do with it, beyond writing the Preface." She adds:—"I am afraid that the difficulty of speaking of an anonymous writer led me into forms of expression which may have appeared to apply to myself; but nothing could have been more contrary to my intention than to claim the authorship of a book which I sincerely admire, without having had any share in its execution." As Miss YONGE does not impute blame to the writer of the article as having inferred on insufficient grounds that she was the author of the book reviewed, we are relieved from the necessity of quoting those passages of her preface which led the reviewer to draw that inference, and of showing that it was perfectly justified by the language to which her signature was attached. Miss YONGE's disavowal of any intention to claim the authorship of a work not written by her will of course be unreservedly accepted. Yet we must add that when authors of established reputation write prefaces bearing their own names to books which they have not written, but only "sincerely admire," they owe it to the public to state the fact in distinct and unambiguous language.

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